

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Up To Gromyko

HARD on presentation of the Anglo-French disarmament plan comes American proposals for study by the UN Disarmament Subcommittee. Considerable emphasis has been given by the international news agencies to Mr. Stassen's invitation to Russia to agree to an immediate reduction of American and Soviet military manpower to a level of two and a half million each; but American official opinion is credited with placing much more importance on the need for a reduction in armaments and military expenditure and to this extent the proposals complement those put forward by Britain and France.

The suggested levelling off of US and Russian forces is, presumably, that part of the American disarmament plan labelled by spokesmen as the "do it now" proposal. Manifestly it is designed to establish a degree of goodwill in the current London discussions; Soviet agreement with the proposition would certainly stimulate hopes for a further reconciliation of East-West viewpoints concerning an acceptable solution of the disarmament problem, and because of this the importance of the American offer need not be too heavily discounted.

Less information has so far been made public regarding any new American ideas on the reduction of armaments and the cutting of military expenditures, and only a general outline has to date been given about the US proposal to set up mutual disarmament practice areas as pilot zones for experimenting with disarmament controls. Mr. Gromyko, however, has the full data in his possession and has plenty of material over which to ponder.

One striking aspect of the current disarmament talks is that Russia has not yet given any indication of having herself prepared any new or revised plan. The initiative in this direction has been fully assumed by the Western powers, and because they have produced positive and feasible proposals, the Soviet delegate finds himself willy-nilly on the defensive. Unable to counter with anything more practicable and acceptable, Russia may decide to wreck the London discussions by deliberate evasion of the pertinent issues.

STATE DEPT'S
DISCLOSURES

Washington, Mar. 23.

The State Department today disclosed details of a vast passport racket, operated by "brokers" in Hongkong, which was pouring thousands of Chinese — including possible Communist agents — into the United States.

The details were given by two high State Department officials when they asked a House appropriations committee for additional funds to reinforce the Hongkong Consulate-General with a further 16 investigators.

The committee today published a report of the testimony given by the two officials, Mr. Walter Robertson, Assistant Secretary of State, for the Far East, and Mr. Loy Henderson, deputy Under-Secretary of State for administration.



MR. DRUMRIGHT

Strike Over

London, Mar. 23.

The strike of British printers that has paralysed the publication of weekly reviews and magazines for two months, ended tonight.

The printers union, in a communique issued in London tonight, said the employers had decided to reopen their premises next Tuesday, after an eight-week lock-out. The employers resorted to a lock-out after the printers had staged a long "work-to-rule" strike and refused to work overtime. Eight thousand printers were affected and no weekly reviews were printed in Britain. Several reviews were printed abroad or appeared in ropeo-typed editions during the last part of the strike. —France-Press.

MINE TRAGEDY

Bangalore, Mar. 23.

Three miners were killed and three injured by a rock fall in a goldfield, it was reported here today. —Reuters.

The report said the racket involved the sale of United States citizenship documents to alien Chinese by the Hongkong "brokers" on the instalment plan—\$500 (about £180) down and \$2,500 (£900) payable upon arrival in the United States.

Both Mr. Robertson and Mr. Henderson described the racket as dangerous to national security as it allowed Communist agents to bring pressure on Chinese now illegally in this country.

The Hongkong Consulate-General, Mr. Everett Drumright, told the committee that under present conditions, adequate security precautions could hardly be taken to exclude Chinese Communist agents entering the United States on the falsified documents.

80% ARE FRAUDS

Mr. Drumright estimated that over the past five years, at least 30 per cent of the applicants for admission to the United States "are not the persons they claim to be." He said over 80 per cent "based their claims on some kind of fraud."

His report also said that because of the "fantastic system" of passport and visa fraud the Chinese population in the United States shot up from 77,000 in 1940 to more than 117,000 in 1950—the greatest increase of any decade since the 1880's.

At least 124 citizenship "brokerage shops" were operating in Hongkong last December. These shops listed false identities created in United States records for persons wishing to gain entry here.

The racket had overcome every obstacle thrown in its path, even to matching blood types of applicants with their alleged parents, Mr. Drumright said. —Reuters.

Crew Rescued

London, Mar. 23.

A Scottish lifeboat took off 24 members of the crew of the Soviet freighter Krynov that ran aground on a sandbank off Aberdeen last Sunday. The captain and nine men remained on board. The vessel is in no immediate danger and steps are to be taken to unload the 500 tons of flax cargo on board the 11,549-ton Krynov. —France-Press.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

- P. 5: The prophetess from No. 10 Downing Street: a world's strangest story, by Peter Forester.
- P. 6: The vengeance of Private Pooley, part II by Cyril Jolly.
- P. 7: Don Cockell tells George Whitting about the greatest day in his life; Thomas Wiseman meets Marilyn Monroe.
- P. 8: Robert Pittman begins a new series: "Into the twilight world."
- P. 13: Les Armour writes on King Hussein's big gamble.
- P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.
- P. 19: Stan Kenton, master of progressive jazz, explains his "firing squad" in Ken Allsop's record review.

Manhunt For
Prisoners

Casablanca, Mar. 23.

An international manhunt was underway today in four great ports—Lisbon, Casablanca, Algiers and Lyauety—for the criminals responsible for the poison alcohol deaths of nine seamen, eight of them Norwegian and one Swedish.

The police have established that eight had died after drinking methyl alcohol (wood alcohol) sold to them as cheap liquor on the Casablanca waterfront where their ship had anchored.

The police interrogated 300 persons yesterday afternoon after setting out a drag-net on the Casablanca docks for the sellers of the poisoned alcohol. Most were released, but several are still detained for further inquiry.

One of the sailors, who recovered, said the alcohol was described to him as Cognac. In reality, it turned out to be methylated spirit used in alcohol stoves and sold commonly for about 80 francs a litre. It contained some camellised sugar for colouring. —France-Press.

ANCESTRAL SPIRITS'
TERRIBLE VENGEANCE

Brazzaville, Mar. 23.

Ancestral spirits have wreaked a terrible vengeance on the friends and relatives of an African chieftain, who died at Bokouled in the middle Congo territory a few days ago, according to the superstitious inhabitants of this region.

Father Gassongo, a missionary at Bokouled, who reached Brazzaville today, said a terrible storm had raged since the chieftain's death and the hut in which nine women were keeping a vigil over the corpse was struck by lightning.

THERON DYNAMITED
HERSELF FREE

London, Mar. 23.

Leaders of the Commonwealth trans-Antarctic expedition today described how they used dynamite to free the tiny sealer from a Polar ice trap which held her captive for 34 days.

The 840-ton vessel was streaked with rust when she steamed up the River Thames at the end of the 19,000-mile voyage to the South Polar Sea where members of the expedition set up an advance base in Aheal Bay.

Dr Vivian Fuchs, leader of the party, told today how a naval helicopter finally guided the Theron through to "blow herself out" of ice floes to open seas—the Theron used dynamite.

Dr Fuchs told a press conference after landing that 90 per cent of the frozen Antarctic—the size of Europe and Australia—was covered by deep ice over rock.

"I don't think we should regard the continent as a source of minerals," he declared, "except perhaps the coastal regions and off-shore islands."

Thousands of people lined Tower Bridge over the River Thames as the tiny vessel arrived in bright sunshine.

NEW MOUNTAINS

At a dockside conference today Dr Fuchs told of an undiscovered range of mountains at least 4,000 feet high, stretching 100 miles inland from Vahsel Bay. First spotted from the expedition's Auster aircraft.

Recruitment Of
HK Doctors
Protest

Kuala Lumpur, Mar. 23.

The United Malays National Organisation's lower Perak division has protested against the Malayan government's move to recruit Hongkong doctors with Chinese university degrees.

A resolution passed at an extraordinary general meeting today said that the Hongkong doctors would lessen the opportunities for local doctors and might also indoctrinate the country with Communist ideas. —Reuters.

Malenkov And Serov
In Hot Water

London, Mar. 23.

Two Russian visitors to Britain found themselves in hot water tonight — one because he is dillalied on principle and the other because he insulted the country's boilermakers.

Ever since he arrived here yesterday, General Ivan Serov, the Russian security chief, has been subject to press abuse which shows no signs of moderating.

A vehement interview with reporters won him no respite from the title "Ivan the Terrible."

Among the places Mr. Malenkov visited today was the Metropolitan Vickers works at Manchester, which employs 23,000 people. At the end of the day he joked with reporters who have been accompanying him, "but appeared tired and cancelled a dinner engagement. He told the reporters that he might give them a press conference at a later date. —Reuters.

Police Attacked

Shillong, Assam, Mar. 23.

Sixty headhunting Naga tribesmen attacked a police station at Nihungard this morning, according to an official report received here.

Police repulsed the raiders with rifle fire, the report said, and reinforcements are being rushed to the village from neighbouring areas. —Reuters.

Angry
Rangoon
Students
Demonstrate

Rangoon, Mar. 23.

For the second day running Rangoon students staged anti-government demonstrations today.

A huge crowd of students massed for the funeral of one of their comrades who died this morning from a gun shot wound received when the police opened fire on rioting students yesterday.

As they accompanied the funeral cortege to the burial ground, the students showed slogans such as "The government is the killer of young students" and "Do not vote for a murdering government" (General elections are due at the end of April).

At every road crossing along the three-mile route, students were posted on trucks, equipped with loud speakers. Haranguing passersby, the demonstrators claimed that two more students were killed by the police yesterday but that their bodies could not be found.

The appeal to the public "not to return this government to power."

POLICE HOLD BACK

The police kept in the background as in view of the temper of the students, the authorities were anxious to avoid another clash like that of yesterday. One policeman on a motorcycle who cut across the procession narrowly, escaped being manhandled by the demonstrators. He was saved through the intervention of citizens who were watching the funeral.

Yesterday's riots were touched off when the government ordered the suspension of school examinations, following a leakage of examination questions.

ARRESTED

U Thung, editor of the newspaper Bamakhit which published some of the examination questions yesterday, was today arrested under the official secrets act.

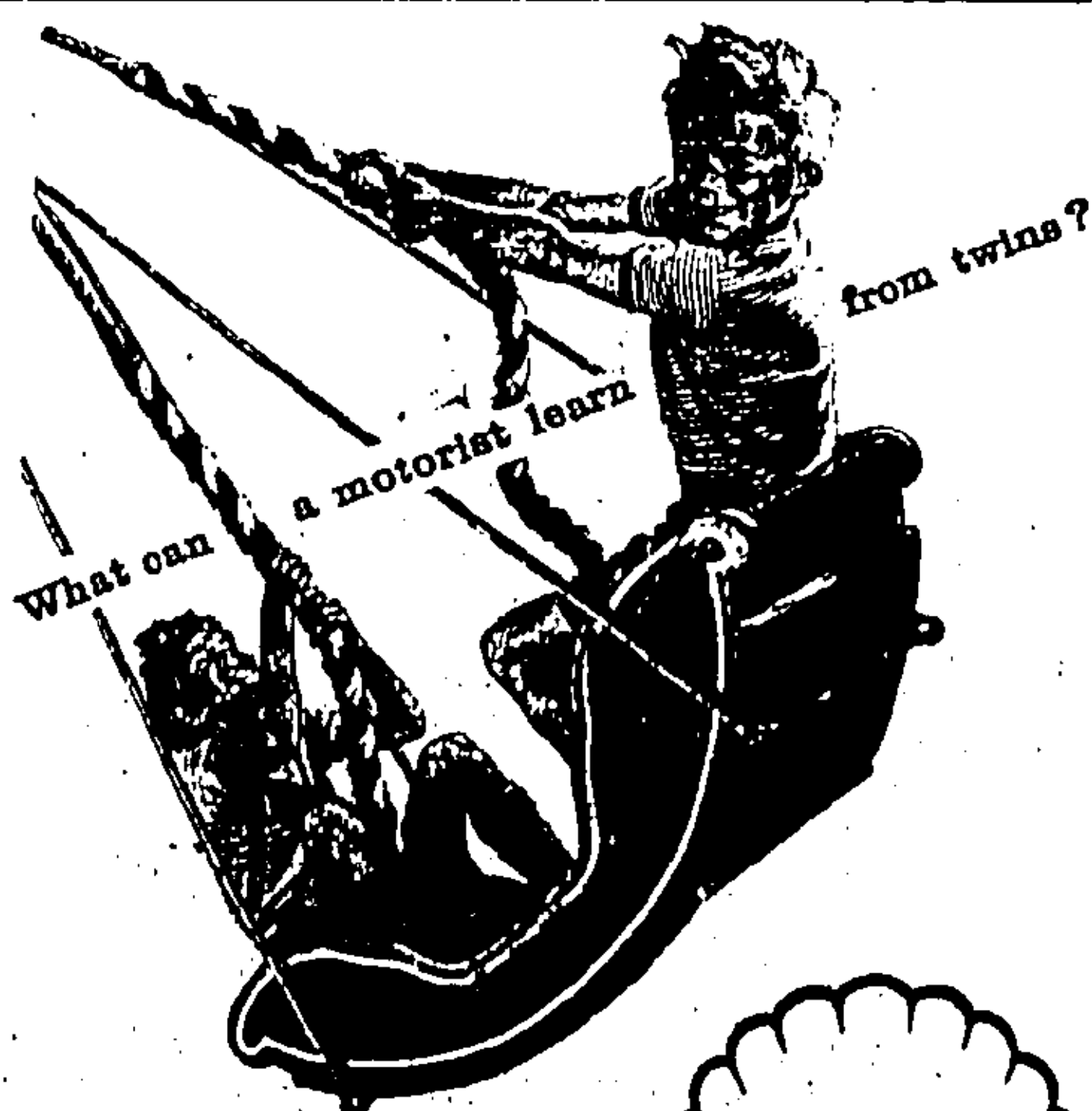
Before his arrest, U Thung had announced that as an "atonement" for yesterday's clash between the police and students he would suspend the publication of his newspaper until further notice.

The questions published yesterday were: "A patient has a fever of 40 degrees centigrade. Convert into Fahrenheit." "An egg will sink in water but float in salt water. Explain why?" —France-Press.

31 KILLED IN
STAMPEDE

Karachi, Mar. 23.

Thirty-one people were killed and 50 injured when a crowd celebrating Pakistan Republic Day stampeded on a railway bridge at Rawalpindi tonight. —Reuters.



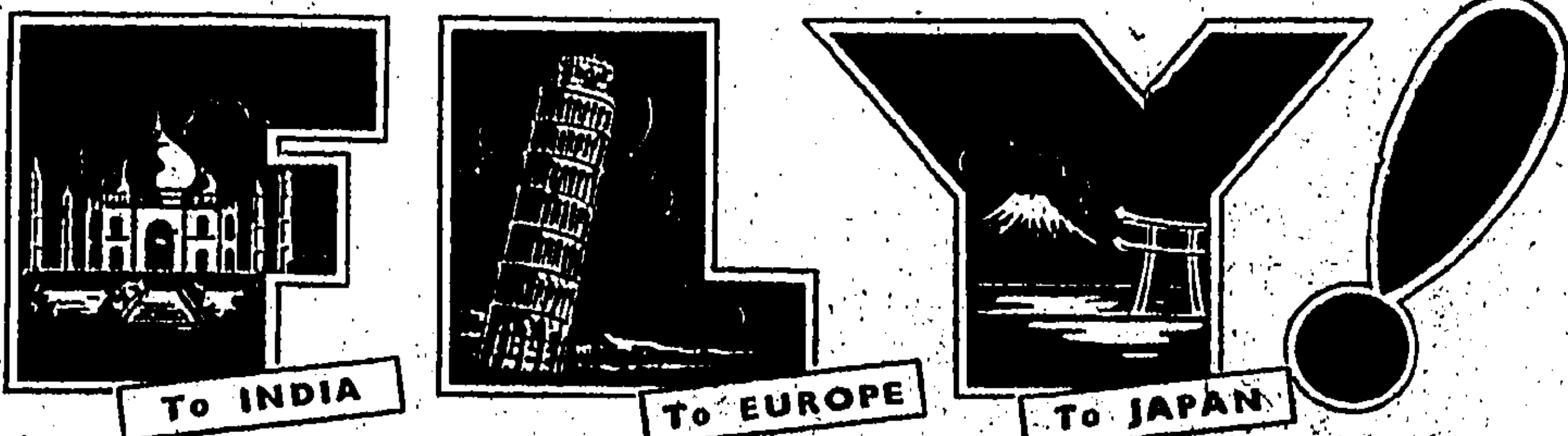
It can learn that in a gasoline, two things are better than one. High octane is good, but high octane with I.C.A. is far better.

only Shell has both

it's the most powerful gasoline you can buy



high octane



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To EUROPE

To JAPAN

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KING'S PRINCESS

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY



PRINCESS To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. Special Matinee

A Unique Double-Feature Entertainment Specially for the kids, presented by Universal-International "WOODY WOODPECKERS" Cartoons & Lots of Laughs from the Craziest Spike Jones team in "FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!" Be sure to bring the children

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

KING'S To-morrow at 11.30 a.m. Special Matinee

20th Century-Fox present a new programme of **TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS**

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD Causeway Bay, Tel. 28721 Kowloon, Tel. 53500

COMMENCING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: Paramount Colour Cartoons
GREAT WORLD: Universal Colour Cartoons

ROXY & BROADWAY

2nd Big Week + Now Showing The 9th Day!
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE LAUGHING H-BOMB!



ADDED ATTRACTION: Latest 20th Century-Fox Newsreel.

TOMORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF THREE STORIES COMEDY & COLOR CARTOONS
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
TOM & JERRY COLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME Presented by M-G-M

— Reduced Admission —
Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 cts.

FILMS

BRANDO and MAGNANI

Two Oscar Winners In The News

Very much in the news at the moment are two Oscar winners — one a fiery Italian actress, and the other an American who has also made the headlines as much for his private life as for his screen triumphs.

The two personalities are Anna Magnani and Marlon Brando. His award was for his part in "On the Waterfront" and hers, just announced, is for her earthy role as Serafina in "The Rose Tattoo".

It is a pity that "On the Waterfront" was never shown here, as it would be interesting to compare the two pictures ("The Rose Tattoo" will probably be shown next month at the King's and Princess theatres).

The themes are widely different — the banned picture dealt with waterside gangs in New York, whereas the Magnani vehicle is basically a love story.

However, both have tried to project the feelings and consequent actions of people as they are, no matter how sordid, self-interested or twisted they may be. Let's hope these two films will have established a fashion.

Although we have been denied the pleasure of seeing the Academy Award picture "On the Waterfront", we will have an opportunity of seeing Marlon Brando in a new picture very soon. "Guys and Dolls" will be shown here at the Hoover and Liberty cinemas in early April and I can recommend it wholeheartedly.



Marlon Brando in "Guys and Dolls".



Anna Magnani in "The Rose Tattoo".

"The Blue Continent" was reviewed last week and the pictures showing at the remaining two first run cinemas are both re-issues. "The Sign of the Cross" was made by Cecil B. de Mille some years ago and I regret that I did not see it when Claudette Colbert, Charles Laughton, Fredric March and Elissa Landi were first beginning to find fame. Don't be too fooled by the information that this is a modernised production of "The Sign of the Cross". It means that there is a modern end-in. Passengers in a Flying Fortress flying over Rome during the war are discussing the history of the city and of how it has been burned before and rebuilt — from there the audience is taken back to the earlier picture.

Funny For Some

I preferred the over-made-up Rita Moreno to Sheree North in "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts", for acting, looks, allure (in spite of the heavy hand of the make-up man) and for comedy too.

The much publicised Sheree looks a nice enough girl, which is what she is meant to be in this picture, but oh dear, her acting is far below that of the blonde bombshell she was imported to replace when Marilyn Monroe became "difficult".

It's true she hasn't much to do in "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts", but at least as a "W. And Lieutenant" (in the Security Branch, no less) she should have exhibited a little more sense than she did. The glue holding this flimsily constructed film together should have been witty dialogue and amusing situations. For me, I'm afraid, the glue wasn't strong enough and the structure came unstuck. The plot follows the machinations of an ex-major in the American Air Force to get his wife out of the service. She has re-collected to be near him, assuming that he will automatically be accepted following the receipt of his

orders to report for a physical examination, but he is rejected and she is posted to Hawaii.

Rick Jason plays a wolf in rather half-hearted fashion, dancing cheek to cheek with Sheree North in a manner supposed to be calculated to make her husband jealous. I wish Tom Ewell were a little more presentable — my sympathies were with Rick Jason. Incidentally, how clever of 20th Century Fox to have used the theme tune from "Love Is A Many Splendoured Thing" and "Something's Gotta

Give" from "Daddy Long Legs" (like "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts", both Fox pictures) in the dancing sequence.

Caribbean Colour

"Flame of the Islands" could easily be mistaken for the spearhead of a "Come to the Bahamas" campaign. The gorgeous scenery beautifully photographed in Tru-color, the apparently easy life there, the fishing, sailing and party-going, all contribute to

the general air of luxury in a beautiful setting.

The story of the picture is a little involved and confused. Yvonne de Carlo is the person chiefly implicated. Hers is a sort of Cinderella story, except that having glimpsed the prince and the wedding ring, her fortunes start to fall again and she finishes with a very different type of man.

She is a New York secretary when we first meet her — working with a slick-talking young executive of an enterprise that calls itself "United Public Relations". The boss manifestly takes more than a working-hours-only interest in his pretty colleague, but we gather that she has a "past" that has had the effect of making her somewhat allergic to men.

This being the case, it is rather surprising that, after coming by \$100,000 in very odd circumstances, she decides to invest most of it in a luxurious private club being opened in the Bahamas by a shady character played by Kurt Kasznar — surprising as part of the bargain is that she takes on the job of hostess and singer at the club, necessitating close contact with the male customers.

Dubious Club

The club is a cover for all sorts of intrigue, though we are supposed to believe that Miss de Carlo has nothing to do with it or with her oily partner.

As the "prince" who re-enters the life of Yvonne de Carlo and sweeps her into the society set, Howard Duff is rather dull. The big burly gambler turned preacher, played by James Arness is not much more thrilling. Of all the men in her life I think our heroine would have done best to have taken the young business executive, however... I mustn't divulge the ending.

Yvonne de Carlo looks very lovely and in spite of the banality of the dialogue this picture is saved from being dull by the throbbing calypso rhythms used as background music, some excellent shots of fishing in the waters of the Caribbean and the lovely photography.

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Undercurrent". A romantic drama — second showing. Robert Taylor and Katharine Hepburn.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Sign of the Cross". Nero, Poppaea and a cast of thousands in the forerunner of modern spectacle films. Fredric March, Elissa Landi, Claudette Colbert and Charles Laughton.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Flame of the Islands". A girl with a past discovers that even in the blue Bahamas she can't leave it behind. Yvonne de Carlo, Zachary Scott and Howard Duff.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Blue Continent". A fascinating documentary filmed almost entirely beneath the waters of the Red Sea.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts". Wife goes back into the Army and husband has a hard time trying to be near her. Tom Ewell and Sheree North.

COMING

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Hallelujah". A musical extravaganza with Borodin's music added. Howard Keel, Dolores Gray, Vic Damone and Anna May.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Indian Fighter". A western. Kirk Douglas, Elsa Martinelli and Walter Abel.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Rebel Without a Cause". Teenagers drifting into crime for the thrills it will bring them. James Dean, Natalie Wood and Anne Doran.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Bottom of the Bottle". Brothers dislike the theme, with weakness of will on one side and pride and prejudice on the other. Joseph Cotten, Van Johnson and Ruth Roman.
"Ozark". The setting is Africa, the prize is gold and the heroes are no less than Michele Morgan and Cornell Borchers. This is a French picture dubbed into English. Pierre Brasseur is the male lead.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

"The Underwater 'LIVING DESERT'" — China Mail.

"THE BLUE CONTINENT"

In Technicolor
10,000 HOURS HUNTING UNDER THE SEA



5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

"THE BLUE CONTINENT"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

HOOPER LIBERTY

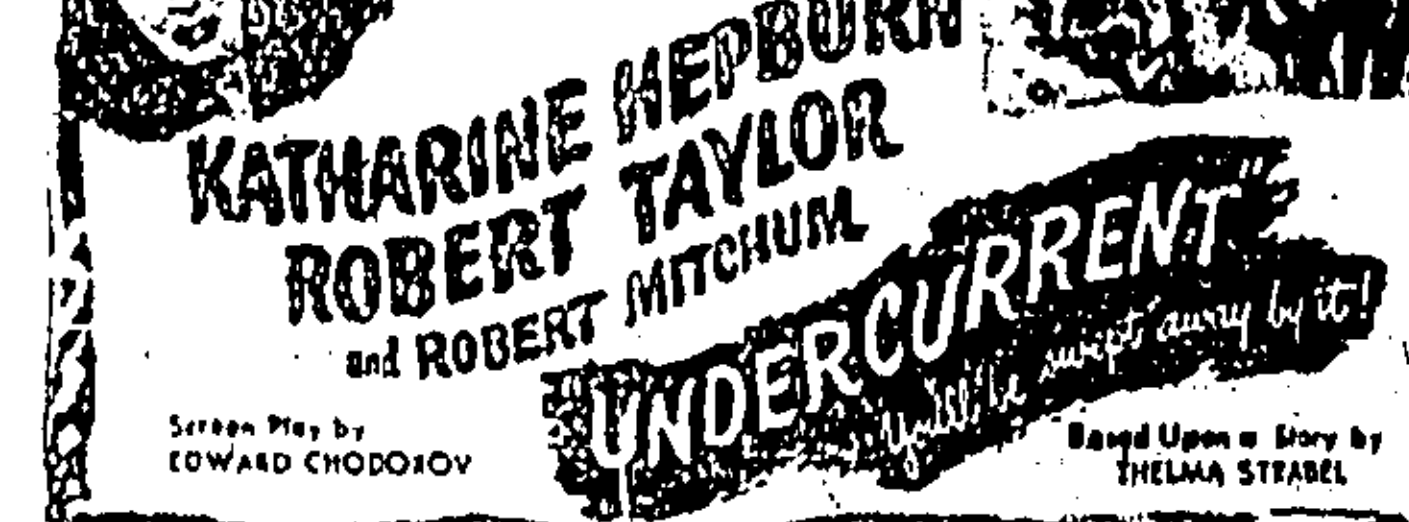
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OPENS TO-DAY

2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



PLEASE DON'T TELL what happened at the lodge overlooking the ocean!
PLEASE DON'T TELL what you know about the man with the horse-whip!



Produced by PANDRO S. Berman • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

Hooper at 12.00 "GREEN FIRE" Stewart Granger Grace Kelly
Liberty at 12.30 "THE GREAT WALTZ" Louise Rainer Fernand Gravet

LEE Theatre

TO-NIGHT AT 8.00 P.M.

CHUNG YEE DRAMA GROUP presents

"TEN THOUSAND INGOTS OF GOLD"

(兩萬金黃)
A Mandarin Play in 3 Acts
Admissions \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4.70 & \$7.50

THE CHORAL GROUP A CONCERT

Due to unforeseen circumstances the CONCERT WILL BE POSTPONED TO NEXT SATURDAY 31st March, 1956 at 2.30 p.m.

at Lee Theatre

Tickets issued on 24th March Performance WILL BE VALID for 31st March, 1956 at 2.30 p.m.

KIRK DOUGLAS Character Role Contest

Kirk Douglas has had a distinguished and varied career as an actor. Name the picture in which Douglas played the role and win your prizes.

1. Fighter
2. Detective
3. Director
4. Juggler
5. Lover
6. Soldier
7. Sailor

For Example
8. Indian Scout "THE INDIAN FIGHTER"

Send your entries to the manager of the New York Theatre as early as possible.

The First Ten entries received with correct answers each will win 4 Complimentary Tickets.

The Second Ten entries received with correct answers each will win 2 Complimentary Tickets.

Date of announcement of winners: Tuesday, 3rd April, 1956.

WATCH FOR OPENING!

THE MAN WHO OPENED THE WEST!

KIRK DOUGLAS IN "THE INDIAN FIGHTER"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

What Two English Girls Think Of America & Americans

Milwaukee, Wis. Two footloose English girls said recently they were going home with good jobs and happy memories of "gulleless" Texans and "romantic" American men.

The London girls, Doreen Jacobs, 20, and Norma Doreen, 23, came to the United States without jobs last June. Since then they have had a wonderful time roaming through 14 American cities and they plan to visit six more before they go home.

Back in London, they will have jobs as managers of the American firm, Manpower, Inc., for which they now work. But they fear it will be "very dull."

They liked San Francisco, "a city to live in," and Las Vegas, New York, the Grand Canyon and Texas.

Enormous Texans

"Texans are so enormous," Doreen exclaimed. "And gulleless. They'd no more dream of telling you a fib than lying in the air."

They have "snaps" of two Texans they met. "See how good they are. I mean authentic," Norma said, pointing to their hats and boots.

The girls lost \$5.35 in 10 days at Las Vegas. "I lost it all in one fell swoop," Doreen said. "I was with an air of one who won't be believed, confident that 'we saw one man lose \$1,000 in three throws of the dice.' And he was so unperturbed."

Manpower, Inc., which provides temporary workers to short-handed employers, found the girls' jobs across the nation. The girls have worked for architects, at a rodeo, for an orchestra, and in a hospital. They worked until they saved enough money to move on, generally two weeks.

Romantic Americans

Contrary to popular belief, the girls consider American males much less forward than Englishmen who are "ligger wolves."

"Americans are unrealistic about women—more romantic," Norma said.

"I think all women like romance better than realism," Doreen said. "In England, we have the French on one side of us—so earthy. It's nobody's business. And on the other side we have the Americans—so romantic."

They loved the United States because "it's a young person's country," Doreen said. But they found fault with racial segregation, and Chicago.

Segregation is "appalling," they said. "We thought reports were exaggerated, but they were accurate."

They both described Chicago as "dull and dirty." —United Press.

'Broomstick Riding Witch' Stoned To Death

An unrepentant Mexican peasant told police he helped stone his 73-year-old mother to death "because she was a witch who rode around on a broomstick on rainy nights."

Juan Cesario Leocadia denied he and his companions had committed a crime and said they had acted "to save humanity from the spells she cast."

Juan's accomplices in the murder, Jeronimo Ortiz and Aurelio Benito, described Senora Maria Nicolasa Leocadia as a "well-known witch" who put spells on new-born children.

"Many of them died without ever opening their eyes," the trio told investigators. "We committed no crime. We simply tried to save humanity from her black magic."

Police said the three men admitted taking the woman to an isolated hill where they stoned her to death, then buried her. —United Press.

From London: Philip Harben, the BBC's TV chef has gone to America to demonstrate the delights of English cooking.

From Istanbul: He survived on two cups of tea—for 20 years.

From Nice: A thief is doing the rounds of the well-stocked larders in the Franch Riviera.

From Moscow: Scientists are talking about flights to the moon in four years' time.

WHO IS THE GOURMET THIEF?

Nice. French police are searching for an acrobatic burglar with a Nice taste in food and liquor.

His favourite haunts are Scotch and vodka, and the tidbits from wealthy larders.

Early this month King Peter of Yugoslavia returned to his villa outside Cannes to find his stocks of caviar, Scotch and vodka stolen. Nothing else in the villa had been touched.

Similar thefts have been reported from all parts of the Riviera in the last few months. Most during theft was carried out on the villa of French film star, Viviane Romance. The star's mother found the burglar eating calmly in the kitchen with the pick of the larder laid out in front of him.

Pausing only for a last mouthful he jumped out of the window and escaped. Again nothing but food was stolen.

15 In A Week

Fifteen food and drink robberies were reported in the Grasse and Venice areas in one week.

All of them were on high-class groceries, wine, merchants or delicatessens.

Police have built up the following picture of the thief: "Aged about 30-35 years, fair hair, slim—could be former acrobat. Hallmark, a liking for choice foods and alcoholic liquor."

Police believe that in at least one robbery he had accomplices.

For when they investigated the theft of King Peter's liquor stocks they found two empty bottles. —United Press.

PHILIP HARBEN OFF TO AMERICA TV CHEF WILL SHOW THEM THE DELIGHTS OF ENGLISH COOKING

London. Philip Harben, Britain's television chef, has gone to America to demonstrate to American housewives the native British delicacies they are missing.

The British are blunt and names they apply to food are apt to be equally stark. For example, Scotch and vodka, for them, the elegant French descriptions which roll off the tongue and delight the palate.

Ah, But The Ingredients

"But then," said Mr Harben, a chestnut, rounded and bearded little man, "the whole premise of British cooking is that the basic ingredients must be so good the food needs no sauce and a minimum of preparation. Leave the fancy sauces and the fancy names to the French."

Mr Harben added that the raw material of the British cuisine—fish, fowl, meat, fruit and vegetables—are the best in the world, a fact often disputed by tourists because the standard of cookery varies over the kingdom.

So the British Travel and Holiday Association asked him to give television demonstrations in the United States to prove that in the hands of an expert chef the native British cuisine is worthy of the attention of ordinary eaters and epicures alike.

In his appearances in New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco, Mr Harben will demonstrate on TV the preparation of Lancashire hot pot, Bakewell pudding,

How To Roast Beef

Mr Harben roasts roast beef on a high shelf of the oven and bakes the Yorkshire pudding under it at the same time so the dripping from the meat soaks into the pudding.

"In Yorkshire," he said, "fathers used to say 'who eats the most pudding gets the most meat'—the pudding was served first as a separate course. But those children who ate the most pudding naturally couldn't stomach a lot of meat, leaving more for the head of the family."

Can this be Mr Harben's tip for American fathers?—United Press.

Moon Flights By 1960, Says Moscow

London. A Moscow observatory lecturer said rockets from the earth guided by radio might reach the moon by 1960. Radio Moscow broadcast recently.

The broadcast said men would follow "as soon as the moon has been explored by means of apparatus" and Mars and Venus would be on the exploration list by 1970.

The broadcast, which did not identify the lecturer, quoted him as saying that "science and technology will make flights into space possible within the next five to ten years. The first rockets, guided by radio from the earth, might reach the moon as early as 1960."

TV TRANSMITTER

"The rockets will carry a television transmitter. In this way it will be possible to study the conditions of flight in space as far as the moon's surface."

"As soon as the moon has been explored by means of apparatus, the launching of manned rockets and the establishment of a permanent scientific station on the moon will become reality."

A little later—between 1965 and 1970—the exploration of Mars and Venus may be expected to start," the broadcast said. —United Press.

WHAT WILL RUSSIA DO WITH HER SIBERIAN DIAMONDS?

London. Russia claims to have discovered a big diamond field in Siberia and may now enter the diamond business.

The Communists apparently expected their announcement to frighten the "diamond monopolists" with the spectre of mountains of gems flooding the West and breaking the marketing agreements painfully built up over the years by the diamond kings.

But in Hutton Garden, centre of the diamond trade, few seem bothered by the news.

Shares Fall

Diamond shares dipped on the stock market but only slightly. Shares of De Beers Ltd., the giant South African corporation, fell 2/8. Their market value at present is about £20.

Diamond men are notoriously sceptical about their operations but they are not worried for these reasons: Russia needs foreign exchange; therefore they would not dump diamonds on Western markets since this would depress the price which would defeat their purpose.

Also a good many Western dealers may not want to handle Russian diamonds.

Industrial diamonds are vital to defence and because of American stockpiling there is a shortage of them as well.

Russia and her satellites can therefore probably make good use of all the industrial diamonds they can mine in Siberia.

"The world is buying \$100,000,000 worth of gem diamonds every year," said one executive. "So the Russian output would have to be truly gigantic to upset the market."

Monopoly Rumours

Ninety-five per cent of the diamonds mined in the West are marketed through the "diamond corporation." Naturally when a large alien of an industry is controlled by a

Now Surgeons Sew Their Patients Up With Buttons!

New York. Surgeons—the masters of the threaded needle, the stitch, and the seam—now have a technique for sewing buttons on to their patients.

Take the hand, for example. Put a button in the palm, another on the back of the hand, and sew the buttons together—with the threads going right through the hand.

That was described by Dr Radford C. Tanzer, Assistant Professor of Plastic Surgery, Dartmouth Medical School, at a recent meeting of the New England Surgical Society.

The buttons are plain, ordinary ones. A surgeon could well fetch a supply from his wife's sewing basket. But they are made to serve a practical purpose. That is the prevention of haematomas.

A haematoma is a pocket of blood which has escaped from ruptured veins. It clots, forms a hardened mass and becomes a capsule within the body's tissue. In the surgical repair of some types of injuries, the danger of leaving a hollow area in the body where a haematoma could form is a very pressing one. And present techniques are not always adequate.

Dr Tanzer has been experimenting with buttons for several years. He told his fellow surgeons that they worked beautifully wherever on the body there were two back to back surfaces onto which he could sew them. The hand has two such surfaces. So do the ears, the lips,

Only One Setback

He has sewed on buttons in 22 cases, he said, and in only one case did a haematoma develop. He also found buttons effective in preventing haemorrhage when the surgical area is around the ears, lips, or cheek.

He cited a number of his cases, including that of an eight-year-old girl who had mangled her hand in the wringer of mother's washing machine.

He raised a flap of skin from her abdomen. This flap he fixed firmly to the "denuded" palm of her hand with his buttons-back-to-back technique. Thus, he made a successful graft which, when the hand was cut loose from the abdomen, gave the child a repaired and usable hand. —United Press.

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MUSICAL BURNING IN
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FAIR WEATHER
GENE KELLY · DAN DALEY
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MICHAEL KIDD

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
William Holden in Paramount's "UNION STATION"

NOW NEW KINDS 'OF APPLES & TOMATOES

Winipeg. New kinds of potatoes, tomatoes and apples are in prospect, according to a University of Manitoba professor.

Dr L. H. Shebek, head of the plant science department, told the Canada Food Technologists' Association recently that scientists aided by electrons and chemicals were working to develop bigger and better food plants.

New species of plants not previously found in nature can be produced by a combination of chemical and physical techniques and selective breeding, he said.

The chromosome patterns of plants could be re-shuffled, and mutations created by gamma radiations by certain chemicals and by what are known as "temperature shock" treatments.

Some of these hybrids and mutations show features that we may ultimately develop as bigger and better plants resistant to our major insect pests and rust infections," he said. The field is wide open for scientists to develop new food that will shortly be beyond the experimental stage.

Dr Shebek also said that agricultural research workers at the University of Manitoba were trying to develop a winter wheat for the Canadian prairies. A winter wheat, hardly enough to be grown on the prairies, would have an advantage in planting and harvesting and would be of tremendous value in soil conservation, he said. —United Press.

His Diet For 20 Years Was Two Cups Of Tea A Day

Istanbul. Hasan Baba, Turkey's 41-year-old "thin man," has challenged doctors to investigate his claim that he has lived for 20 years on two cups of tea a day.

The "thin man," who comes from Malatya, in eastern Turkey, says he has forgotten the tastes of meat, fish, bread, and fruit because it is so long since he touched them.

He weighs three stone 13 pounds and is so thin that his abdomen is completely sunken in his body. He says he will live on tea for the rest of his life. —China Mail Special.

CAPITOL RITZ

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at 12.30 p.m.
"MAN WITHOUT A STAR"
in Technicolor



To-morrow Morning Show
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Accounts ending March 31, 1956

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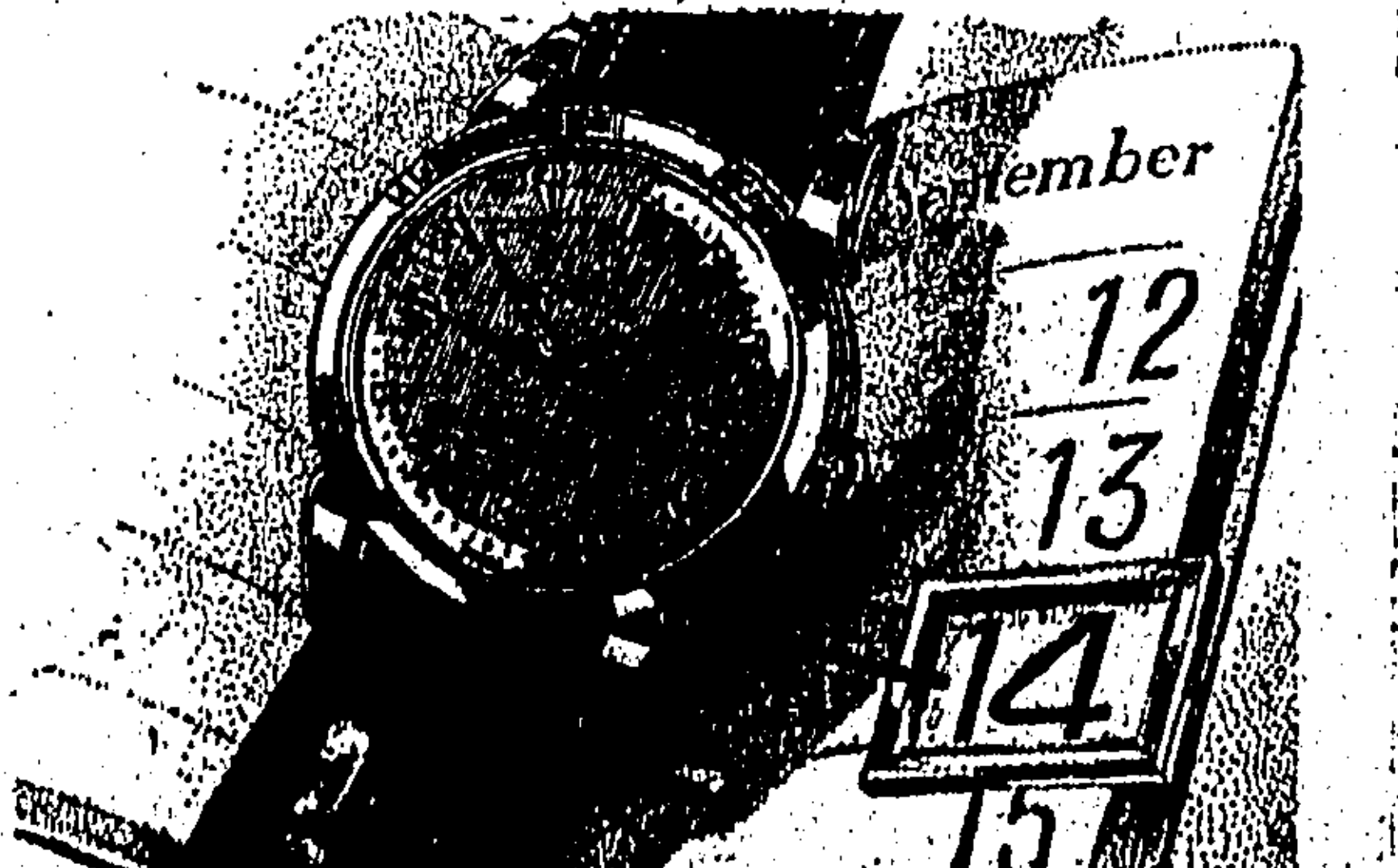
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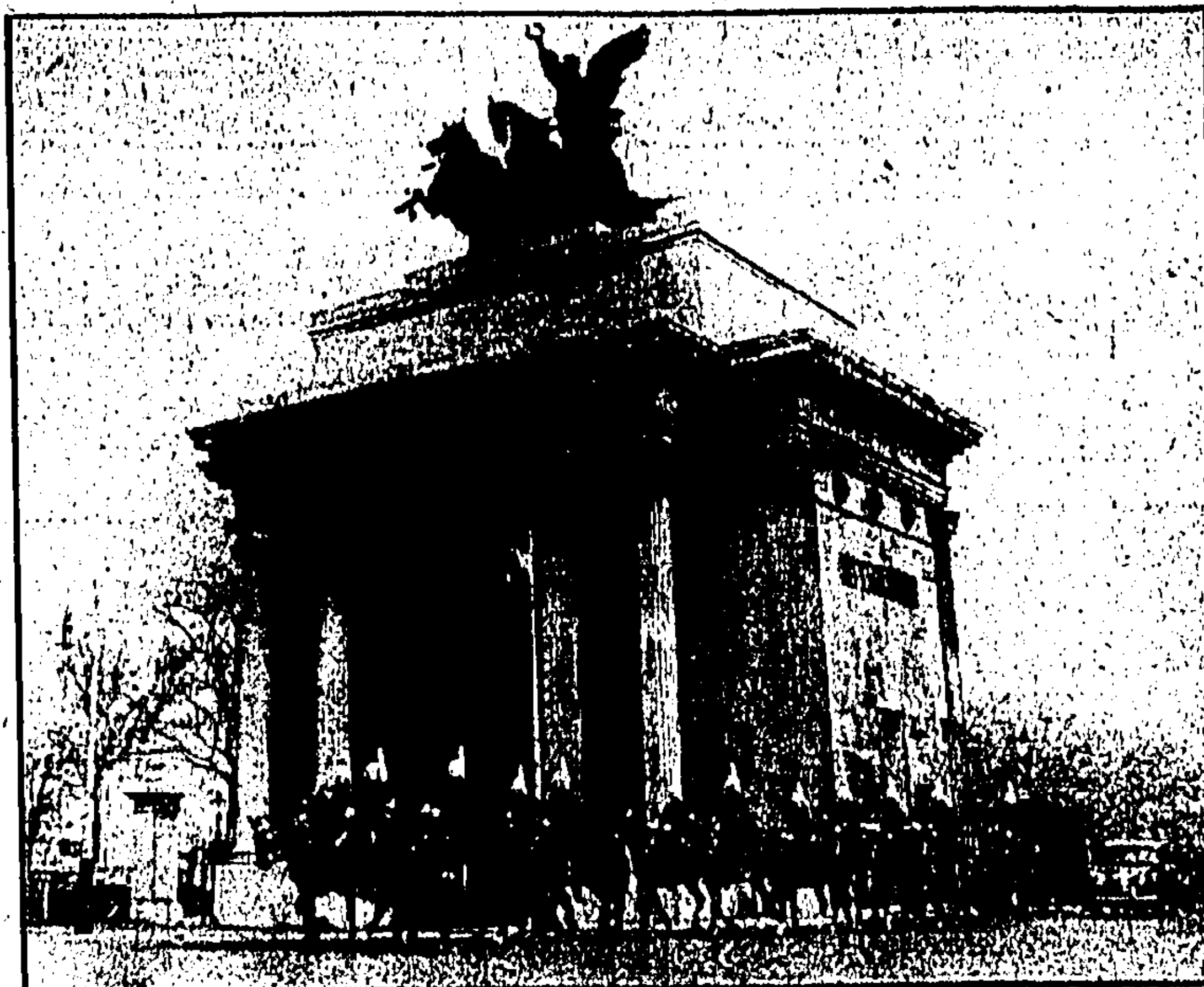
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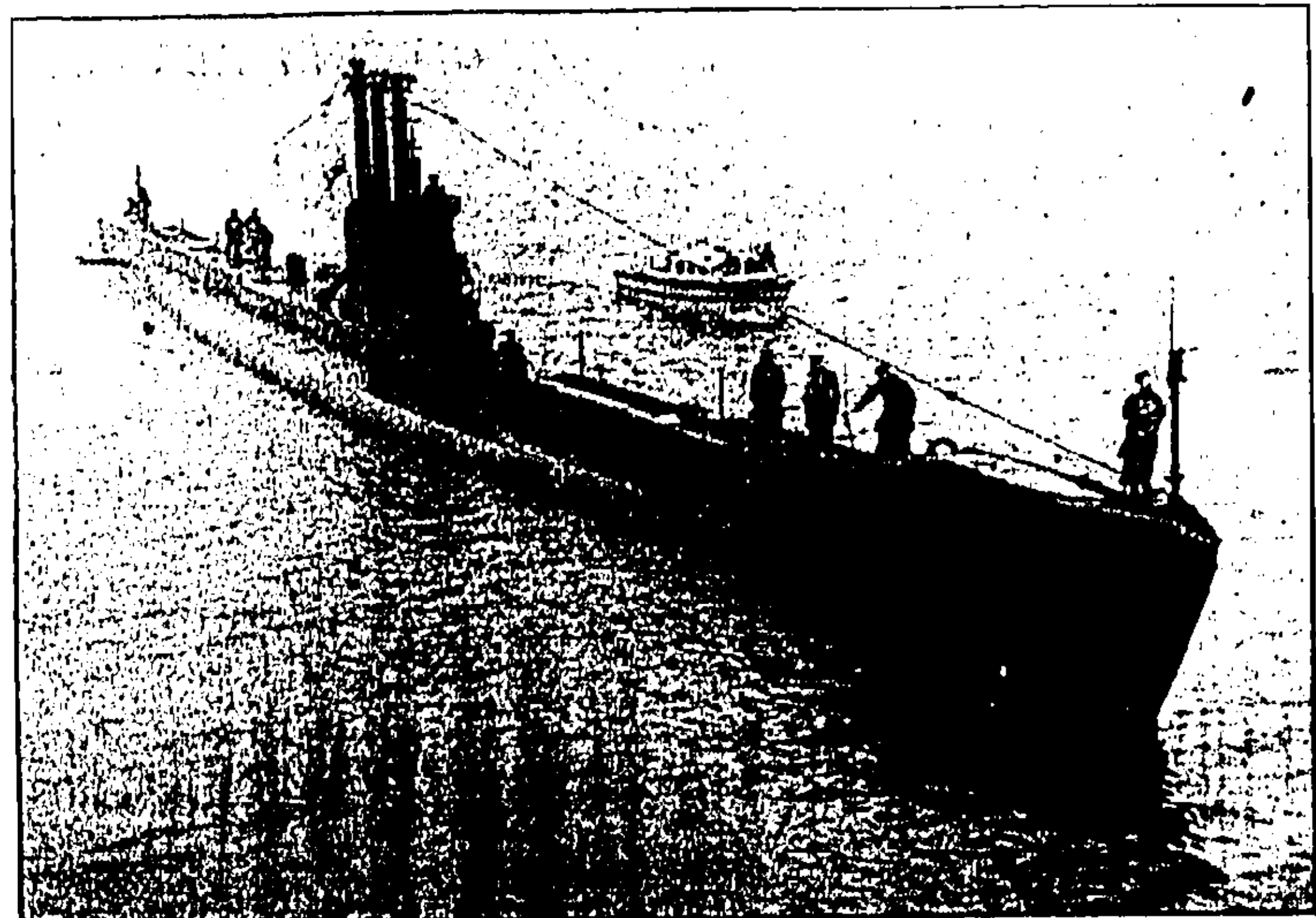
FLM actor Kenneth More, voted "Most Promising Star" by Britain's Variety Club, is blissfully trapped between actresses Diana Dors (left) and Valerie French. Miss Dors was voted "Show Personality of 1955." (Express)



THE "Magnolia Street" man weds. Louis Golding, 60-year-old novelist, leaving a London register office with his bride, the former Mrs Annie Wintrobe. (Express)



SPRING comes to London. The Royal Horse Guards riding down Constitution Hill, on their way for the Changing of the Guard ceremony at the Horse Guards Parade. (Army News)



THE British submarine, Acheron, which was lost for five hours recently, returning to her base at Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute. Her captain, Lieutenant-Commander Hay, said he had tried for 17 hours without success to get the submarine's "All's well" check signal through. (Express)



MR Neville Powley, Forces broadcaster, hands the microphone over to the chimp at the London Zoo to the amusement of several schoolboys. (Army News)



RENEWING acquaintance with Hyde Park is film actor David Niven and his wife. Mr Niven arrived in London recently to take part in the film, "The Silken Affair." (Express)



MAJOR A. C. Davidson-Houston, well-known painter, who has been commissioned by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers to paint a new portrait of Her Majesty the Queen. The sittings will be at Buckingham Palace. (British Army News)



NEW-STYLE automatic road sweepers being demonstrated on a stretch of London's Thames Embankment before officials of the Westminster City Council. (Express)



PRINCESS MARGARET presented with a bouquet by 15-year-old Rosemary Bondfield, a cadet of the Twickenham Cadet Nursing Division, when she attended a charity party at the Cafe de Paris, London, in aid of the St John Ambulance Brigade. Winifred Atwell and Ambrose's Orchestra played at the party. (Express)



THE girl who publicly kissed the Duke of Kent in Switzerland a month ago, Jane Sheffield, and her fiancé, Mr Jocelyn Stevens, after announcing their engagement at a party at Londonderry House. The party turned into an all-night jam session with Stan Kenton, the American bandleader, and his orchestra providing the music. (Express)



THE Greek Ambassador to the United Kingdom, Mr Basile Mostras (with umbrella), at London Airport after being recalled by his government following the expulsion of Archbishop Makarios from Cyprus. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



THE TRAGEDY OF FRANCE'S 7d-a-DAY ARMY

From SAM WHITE

Paris was behind that rancorous speech of the French Foreign Minister, M. Pineau, which won France its only diplomatic victory for many years—the rather watery one of an invitation to Chequers, when Mr Eden and Premier Mollet discussed "differences".

Undoubtedly the basic factor was a feeling of military helplessness, induced by the sombre state of the French army.

What had happened to that army, once the proudest in Europe, is a major national tragedy. Today, more than half the French army is in North Africa. It is an army of tanks and aeroplanes, hopelessly unequipped for conditions of lightning guerrilla warfare.

Its sorry story begins immediately after the end of the war. At that time France had an excellent colonial army equipped for colonial warfare and offered by men who knew North Africa. This army was disbanded in 1947 and never re-created. Then political bigotry and a zeal for slashing the army budget began to play havoc with the army at home.

DE GAULLE'S DEADLY BLOW

FIRST of all, officers taken prisoner in the debacle of 1940 were retired, then a special early retirement law was enacted which robbed the army of virtually all its technicians.

Under this law army engineers could retire immediately and receive three years' full pay. Inevitably they left the army to take up civil employment. Then came the deadly blow of the "purge" for which General de Gaulle bears a heavy responsibility.

Not only were officers who remained loyal to Vichy dismissed but also those who sided with General Giraud in his feud against de Gaulle. On top of that came the heavy losses of junior officers and NCOs in Indo-China.

Today, made up almost entirely of conscripts who serve an 18-month term, the French army remains almost medieval in the roles of pay. A soldier gets only 30 francs a day (about 7d.), which is barely enough to buy a small glass of bad wine. The lot of his family and dependants becomes disastrous once he is called up. His wife receives 2s. 3d. a day for herself and 2s. 3d. a day for each child. This money being paid not by the army or the state but out of a municipal charity.

THE PRINCE GRANTS CONCESSIONS

A LOT of friends of Prince Rainier are going to make a lot of money out of the wedding.

The Prince is lavishing a crop of concessions on them. Already there are film, TV and still-photo concessions granted, and each concessionaire will have exclusive rights in his respective field.

Finally, what may be termed a "fairy tale" concession has come into being. This will publish illustrated books for children based on the romantic story of the wedding.

Incidental intelligence: The Russian news agency Tass has applied for facilities to report the wedding.

NEHRU'S FACE LIT UP

IN a newly published book a distinguished French Ambassador and former head of Protocol of the Foreign Office, the late Jacques Dumas, gives this revealing glimpse of the Indian Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru.

The scene: Orly Airport. The time: 1951. Nehru has arrived in Paris for a brief stay on his way back to New Delhi. The French Premier, M. Plevin, and his Foreign Minister, M. Schuman, accompanied by M. Dumas, have hurried to Orly to greet Nehru.

Dumas writes: "Nehru treated us with cold courtesy. He did not even invite us inside the Embassy when we arrived there. Instead he immediately received a well-known Communist, a nationalist editor, and a Tunisian nationalist."

"In negotiations with him we found him vain and stubborn. On his departure I alone went to see him off."

"As we stood there waiting for the airplane to take off, the Prince De Ligne, the Belgian Ambassador to New Delhi, arrived on the scene. Nehru's face lit up and he rushed up to him."

"Prince," he cried, "what an honour for me and how charming of you to come to see me off."

"The Prince looked extremely embarrassed. 'Finally he said: 'I am here in effect to pay my respects to your Excellency, but I am also here because I am catching the same airplane.'"

Dumas comments: "I understood at that moment by the look of petulance on Nehru's face that high-caste Hindus have something in common with a certain type of European mentality—snobbery."

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

MR MAURICE LYNCH, leader of the British small shopkeepers' delegation which conferred with Foulade: "I do not think it would be fair to our families to visit the Folies Bergere while we are here."

British Ambassador SIR GLADWYN JEBB: "In my view hot peace would be a much better term than cold war."



"Funny hats to sell a country where half of 'em are supposed to be making tractors and the other half working in salt mines." London Express Service

One Of The World's Strangest Stories

PROPHETESS FROM 10 DOWNING ST.

By Peter Forster

THE eccentric English woman abroad has become a legend. She keeps a ten-shop in some remote village; she has lived for 40 years in the native quarter, yet still wears her Cheltenham hat-band; the purity of her English accent is matched only by the perfection of her pantois, plots, revolutions, time—all pass her by. She is indeed something of a joke, yet not one to be laughed at openly for our mirth is usually mixed with admiration.

The exalted prototype for all such ladies is surely Lady Hester Stanhope. She stands unchallenged, if not as the first, then certainly as the most fabulous and eccentric of all English woman travellers.

Lady Hester was a great-niece of the fearsome Lord Chatham, niece of William Pitt the Younger, a fashionable young woman who played hostess at No. 10, Downing Street and sat at the heart of social and political intrigue in the Prince Regent's England.

IMPERIOUS

Who then would have expected her to spend the greater part of her life wandering through the dangerous lands of the Middle East, to die, imitating herself a prophetess, in a ruined convent on Mount Lebanon?

Of course the Pitt blood was likely to produce extraordinary results. Hester's father, Lord Stanhope, was one of the most eccentric men of his day: a peer with Republican principles—yet a severe parent—who defended the French Revolution in the House of Lords and had the coronets torn from the railings at his country house.

Hester was born in 1776, and her mother died early. Attempts to discipline the girl (who never forgot how a governess tried to make her slim by strapping her between wooden boards) only made her more imperious.

When still in her teens she showed her mettle by turning on a drunken Army officer and calmly knocking him out with a law. She grew into a large handsome woman, six feet tall.

Eventually William Pitt, then Prime Minister, rescued her

from the shadow of her father's tyranny, and she moved into Downing Street, as his mistress. Here she was in her element, at the heart of affairs, proud of the uncle she adored, and justifying any extravagance by her noble blood and his position.

Here, too, she fell in love for the first time, with Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, a rake who soon took flight at Hester's determined pursuit, and accepted Pitt's discreet offer of the Moscow Embassy.

Hester never cared a jot for public opinion and her rudeness became notorious. When an offensive junior Minister remarked at table that he had been given a broken spoon she replied sweetly: "But you notice how Mr Pitt very often uses slight and weak instruments to effect his ends?" And once when a general disagreed with her, she raged and called him "a paralytic old kangaroo."

But then Pitt died. One of his last requests was that the King should make provision for his niece—for Lady Hester was alone and grey to the spine and scorn of her enemies.

At least one notable cap was thrown at her feet. Sir John Moore died at Corunna saying to Hester's brother, a member of his staff, "Stanhope, remember me to your sister. Tragically, her other brother, Charles, was killed in that same retreat."

This double blow nearly broke her spirit. Ever after she liked to speak of Moore as her fiancé (though marriage had never been mentioned between them) and all her life she treasured one of his gauntlet gloves.

SHIPWRECKED

She sought to retire from society for a time and in 1810 sailed for Gibraltar.

From Gibraltar she went to Malta, then to Greece. Then she journeyed on to Constantinople, where she was narrowly prevented from going to France just because she was "dying to see Napoleon with my own eyes." Instead she turned to the East. It had been to her that Pitt uttered his famous prophetic command to "roll up the map of Europe" after Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz. Now his niece would never need to consult that map again.

Sailing from Turkey with the intention of wintering in Alexandria, she was shipwrecked off Rhodes. Lady Hester was lucky to escape, and having lost her wardrobe donned a Turkish man's dress. She decided that "no costume had ever been so becoming to her," and from then on always wore men's clothing.

Now, the taste for travel and the Middle East took command of her. What could the life of a retired spinster in England offer in comparison with life out there? Mehmet Ali, the ruler of Egypt, reviewed his troops in her honour and Arab chieftains loaded her with presents.

Before long the feeling went to her head. She began to talk of being crowned Queen of the Jews in Jerusalem. And indeed when she moved on to Palestine, she behaved as if the title were quite genuine.

Her ladyship desired to visit Damascus. Lady Hester rode in one afternoon unveiled and so overwhelmed the crowds by her bearing that she was greeted as a goddess! The bazaar rose in her honour and coffee was strewn in her path.

Palmyra came next in her itinerary. There the whole population welcomed her to their ancient city, where she was crowned with flowers in the ruined temple.

AUTHORITY

She styled herself Queen of the Arabs, and ordered the local sheik to charge any future European visitors an exorbitant entrance fee to the ruins, thus ensuring that her triumph would remain exclusive.

Here her fortunes reached their peak. Back in Palestine she fell victim to the plague and her mental balance, always precarious, was further disturbed. She rented a disused convent on Mount Lebanon—a place whose putrid smell was partly due to a former patriarch having been rather ineffectively embalmed in one of its walls, sitting upright in an armchair. Lady Hester here entered upon that last phase of her life during which she became a living legend in the Middle East.

In 1816 she moved to another house, farther up Mount Lebanon at Djoun, where she lived the remaining 20 years of her life.

Anybody who has seen the rugged wilderness of Lebanon will realise how strange it would be to encounter a solitary English noblewoman living there.

And at Djoun Lady Hester ruled with all the fierce authority and independence of a tribal chieftain. When a French Colonel called Boulton was murdered in the desert she harangued the Beys of Acre until he sent an avenging force. She seems to have been not in the least upset that 62 villages were razed and more than 300 people killed as a result.

But to avoid any more such incidents she took to providing travellers with credentials for safe conduct, marked with two

HESTER STANHOPE was the epitome of the eccentric English lady abroad—and she packed a most unfeminine right hook

seals for those to be treated as princes, and a single seal for ordinary gentlemen.

Yet her position was absurdly anomalous and insecure. She violently opposed and feuded with the Emir Bechir in whose domains she lived, while he tolerated her only through fear of offending the powerful British Minister at Constantinople.

Her survival among the constant upheavals of Middle Eastern politics was almost miraculous—and the peasants thought she must be protected by some divine influence.

Eventually delusions of grandeur obsessed her mind; she took up astrology and the occult sciences; she had visions of herself entering Jerusalem between the Mahdi and the Messiah, and kept two horses perpetually saddled for when the moment should come.

The Prophetess of Mount Lebanon, wearing a turban and smoking a hookah, never forgot she was Mr Pitt's niece. Nor did her formidable sense of mischief desert her as poverty and ill-health intruded. The wife of her doctor, arriving one day rather against Lady Hester's wishes, found herself at her first meal seated beside the local hangman.

RUDE NOTE

But it could not last. She was in debt all over the Levant. Her huge number of servants robbed her, and when the doctor suggested getting rid of them, she replied: "Doctor, think of my rank."

At last, in the face of several strong complaints, Foreign Secretary Lord Palmerston threatened to cut off her pension if her debts were not settled.

This step unleashed a furious stream of letters from Mount Lebanon, including an icy rude note to the young Queen Victoria. But Lady Hester's financial position was beyond repair. Expected inheritances failed to appear; her second brother died; the house was in a revolting condition, and the servants almost out of control.

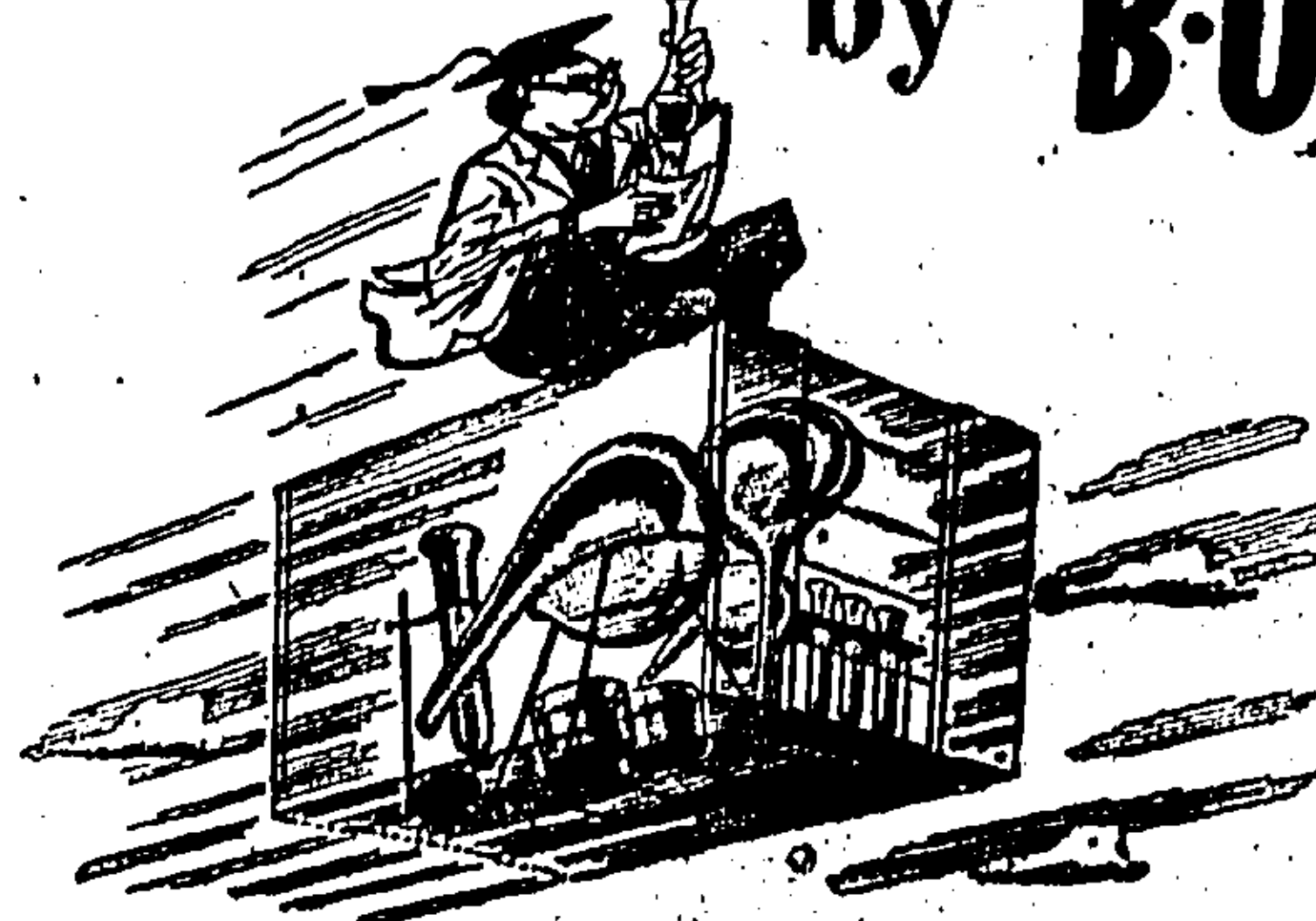
And there, in those surroundings, in June, 1839, this strange, magnificent and silly old woman died.

(CONTINUED)



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A 'DEAD' MAN SNORED...

THE STORY SO FAR

Surrounded by German troops on a farm near the village of Le Paradis, about 100 officers and men—the last survivors of the Second Battalion, the Royal Norfolk Regiment—surrendered on May 27, 1940. They are rounded up, stripped of their equipment, and marched along the Rue du Paradis and into a field, where two machine-guns, manned by Germans, point towards the prisoners. Private Albert Pooley is in the middle of the column, as the men march into a shallow pit in front of a farm building. A German officer, standing near the gate, raps out the order to fire.

A NORFOLK boy near the front swung round as if he meant to make a break for it. There was no time.

The two machine-guns were apparently fired inwards from a left and right traverse. Bullets swept the column from the front and rear to the centre, cutting down the helpless men as corn is cut with a scythe. Some of the men of the Norfolk could not have realised what was happening before they fell. Others heard the command but were mown down before they could turn away.

Searing pain

Private Pooley still recalls this scene. How can he forget it? "For a few seconds the cries and shrieks of our men drowned the crackling of the guns. Then I felt a terrific searing pain in my leg and wrist and pitched forward into a red world of agony. "My own scream of pain mingled with the cries of my mates. "But even as I fell forward into a heap of dying men I had just one thought. "If I ever got out of here the swine who did this will pay for it."

He was hit four times—superficial wounds, two in one leg—by bullets which might have been ricochets from the walls of the barn. The firing stopped. Pooley heard, above the moans of the wounded, a command in German and a metallic rattle as bayonets were fixed. The sound was unmistakable. It was followed by shrieks and several shots. He could not see the Germans, but he was aware of them gathered round the edge of the pit. With bayonet or kindred bullet they administered the coup de grace whenever they saw a movement.

Two shots

Although Pooley was tense with fear, he still had enough grip on himself to know that his life depended on keeping absolutely still. But one of the men beneath him made a spasmodic movement as he died. Pooley felt the tremor. A German must have seen it. Immediately two shots were fired into the pile of bodies.

For Private Pooley it was the strangest, most comforting sound in the world. It meant that in that field of death someone else was alive...



FROM THE BOOK
By CYRIL JOLLY

Pooley got both bullets in the leg that had already been hit. One stopped in the bone with the nose of the bullet protruding through the far side.

Although the impact of these two bullets was terrific, Pooley controlled himself so well that he neither cried out nor made any movement. Had he done so



come aware of a sound, the last sound he expected in that field of death.

Someone close beside him was snoring.

"I just couldn't believe it at first," Pooley said later, "but that's what it was. It was the strangest sound in the world—but the most comforting."

Someone else in that pile of dead men was alive. By stretching out his arm, Pooley was able to shake the sleeping soldier.

The snoring stopped. A voice whispered, "Who is it?"

"It's me—Pooley. Who are you?"

"O'Callaghan."

Private William O'Callaghan was a signaller at Battalion HQ. He came from Dereham, in Norfolk. Later O'Callaghan told Pooley of his own experiences after the surrender.

At first he thought they were to be well treated by their captors, for the German who searched him returned the photographs of his father and mother which were in his wallet.

Then the German said, "Have you a knife?"

"No," O'Callaghan answered without thinking.

At once he felt a tug at his belt and, simultaneously, a vicious blow on the back of his head that nearly knocked him over. A German standing beside him had understood the question and seen the Army knife which O'Callaghan had forgotten was swinging from his belt.

In the back

He swung round almost instinctively, and the same German turned his rifle and dug him hard in the back.

O'Callaghan was on the side of the column nearest the guns when they marched into the field. As the ranks of three began to fall, a voice seemed to scream in his brain, "Dive! Dive!"

He plunged into the falling men in front of him, and felt a searing pain in his arm. He knew he had been hit. He lay with both arms outstretched and his face in a patch of thistles; their needle points pricked his cheeks, his nose, his ears.

Across his legs lay one of his comrades and his right arm a regimental police sergeant. As the Germans with fixed bayonets came near, O'Callaghan fought down his fear with every bit of will-power he possessed and lay as one dead.

He moved his head but could see no Germans. Then he be-



London Express Service.

Somehow O'Callaghan got him out and on to the wet grass...

The Germans actually took on a mass grave with the bodies of his comrades almost off him, but O'Callaghan made no movement.

Probably his motionless figure lying face down in the thistles and the blood from his own wound and that of his comrades made the Germans pass over him.

It seemed to O'Callaghan hours before he dared open his eyes. Slowly, very slowly, he raised his head. No one would have seen him move unless they had stood immediately above him. Gradually, he lifted himself until he could see the meadow. There was no living person in sight. The machine-guns had gone.

His wounded left arm burned with pain. Blood-soaked his tunic. His unhurt arm was under the sergeant and was numb. He lowered his head and began withdrawing it from underneath the body.

Arm freed

O'Callaghan got his arm free, moved it slowly to restore the circulation and feeling, and even as he did so he felt a slight tremor of the earth as footsteps approached.

It was the two German officers who had been talking during Pooley's brief moment of consciousness. Gingerly but with determination O'Callaghan lowered his head into the thistles.

The Germans moved off, their voices fading gradually away. O'Callaghan does not know what happened after that except that he did the most unlikely thing in the circumstances—he went to sleep.

THE blinds are drawn... A hush hangs over 1014 Fifth Avenue—one of the few private mansions left on Millionaires' Row.

No one answers the stately iron grille front door. But inside the five-story limestone house, sandwiched tightly between two towering blocks of flats, is a story fit for the films.

Inside, in cosy comfort from biting, freezing winds raking the streets, are nine people. They are servants.

For periods ranging up to 40 years they served Mr and Mrs James W. Gerard. Their employers are dead. And these servants have inherited almost half a million dollars.

They also have the right—they feel it is a duty—to live in the mansion until the executors of the vast estate can dispose of the lavish furnishings and the building.

That may take weeks, months, even years, the executors say. For the estate runs into tens of millions of dollars. Until then they will go on drawing full salary, and eating and sleeping off the kindness of their deceased master and mistress, Gerard, America's World War One ambassador to Germany, and a financier, died four years ago. He left an estate of \$8,000,000 to his widow.

Mrs Gerard, who inherited millions from her father, Montana copper king Marcus Daly, died last January 19.

Both Gerard's made bequests to servants.

The largest total goes to faithful butler Frank J. Hall. He receives \$125,000.

From RICHARD KILLIAN

The chauffeur, Randle Pomeroy, gets \$95,000. Victor Peterson, the cook, \$21,000.

Two maids, Anna Flynn and Jennie Barron, \$10,000 each. Landress Ann Delaney \$5,000; handyman Jimmy Hayes \$4,000. Two other servants, with unspecified occupations—James O'Brien and Eileen Daly—receive \$7,000 and \$2,000.

The largest non-family bequest is made to Veronic T. Ryland, lawyer and secretary to the Gerard's—\$230,000.

He fell asleep on the edge of a mass grave with the bodies of his murdered comrades all round. For the last 17 days—since May 10—sleep had been snatched in brief spells whenever it was possible.

During the preceding two or three days he had hardly closed his eyes.

How long he slept he had no idea. When his senses returned, it was raining—raining hard. It was dark. He was shivering. And someone was shaking him.

Grim business

"Are you badly hurt?" O'Callaghan asked.

"Yes, my leg is smashed up," Pooley's voice was weak. "Try and get me out."

O'Callaghan tugged two bodies to one side. It was a grim business moving those dead comrades to release Pooley.

All the time it rained, steadily, heavily.

He got his arms around Pooley who groaned with every movement, for he had three or four bullet wounds just below the knee in one leg and the pain was severe.

But somehow O'Callaghan got him out and on to the wet grass.

As O'Callaghan looked around him he made out the shape of buildings near by. He thought perhaps they might be empty, and they could get inside out of the rain.

O'Callaghan made his way past the heap of dead soldiers towards the end of the barn. As he went cautiously round the building it seemed to grow light, and O'Callaghan realised that

one of the farm buildings was beginning to burn.

But as it was well away from the barn he was not deterred.

He went as quietly as he could, the water from the roof running on to him and splashing about his feet. He came to two big doors—which showed up in the light of the fire.

One door was slightly open. He was just about to open it wider when he saw that the barn was occupied.

At the far end, outlined in the light of a hurricane lamp and a stove, were several German men who appeared to be cooking a meal. O'Callaghan backed away.

Revenge

Pooley lay racked with pain looking at the heap of his murdered comrades. But fiercer even than the pain was the desire for revenge. It filled him with new determination to survive.

The body of Nobby lay just against him. He moved sideways towards the figure, and touching the wet tunic groped for a pocket. In the pocket he found Nobby's lighter.

Pooley took it. He felt it was a pledge to Nobby and the others that if he lived he would bring those responsible for this crime to justice.

(World Copyright, Adapted by Harold Harris from the book by Cyril Jolly, published by Heinemann.)

NEXT SATURDAY:
The Battle To Survive

WELL WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

THE WORLD'S BEST SELLER

NO other book has ever had the phenomenal sales figures of the Bible. Tens of millions of copies are sold each year!

In AD 600, the Bible existed in no more than eight languages. Today, it is printed in more than 700!

Only three presses in England are allowed to print the Bible in English—those of Oxford and Cambridge Universities and the Queen's Printers. This privilege dates from Tudor times. It wasn't an exclusive privilege then, but the holders assumed it was—and time has honoured their claim.

The word "Bible" itself comes from the Greek "biblos"—the inner bark of the papyrus on which the ancients used to write.

Several versions of the Holy Book have acquired special names. There was the 16th century "Bear Bible" which had a bear printed on the cover, and the "Treacle Bible," in which "balm" was translated as "treacle."

PAGAN BIBLE

Then there was the "Placemaker's Bible," so-called because a mistake occurred in writing "Blessed are the peacemakers," and the "Pagan Bible," which contained a woodcut of Olympus and the heathen gods.

In 1611, two versions of "King James' Bible" were printed and became known as the "Great He" and the "Great She" Bibles because, in one, Ruth III 15 read, "he went" and in the other "she went."

There was even a "Wicked Bible," issued in 1842, in which the word "not" was omitted from the Seventh Commandment. In the "Unrighteous

Bible" there was a mistranslation of "Know ye not that the righteous shall inherit the Kingdom of God?"

One of the best known versions of the Bible is the "Breeches Bible," the first to be printed in Roman type. In Genesis III, 7, of this volume, Adam and Eve are said to have "sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches" instead of "aprons," as in the Authorised Version.

Several scholars have translated the Bible into modern English. Probably the biggest Bible is the one printed in Braille for the blind. It fills 39 volumes which, when piled one above the other, stand five feet high.

ALWAYS QUOTING

Although we may not realise it, we are always quoting from the Bible by using such everyday expressions as "skin of my teeth," "play the fool," "the fat of the land," "the apple of his eye" and "A law unto themselves."

The Bible has been used for forecasting the future a form of magic called Bibliomancy. People used to (perhaps they still do) open the pages at random and point to any part without looking. The verse touched was supposed to apply to the future affairs of the person concerned.

A man who had time on his hands once analysed the Bible and produced some amazing statistics, which took him more than three years to compile.

Among other things, he found that it contained 773,692 words made up of 3,568,480 letters. Altogether there are 66 books, 1189 chapters and 31,173 verses. The word "and" occurs 35,543 times in the Old Testament alone. (COPYRIGHT)

Cyprus May Become U.S. Election Issue

From DONALD LUDLOW

Washington. ALTHOUGH most Americans are only just beginning to take an interest in it, the island of Cyprus may be as big a political issue in this election year as another island was 36 years ago when "the Irish troubles" were at their height.

Then it was an emotional surge that came from the hearts of the vast Irish-American population, many of them fresh from the "old country." This time it goes deeper. There are not enough Greek-Americans—only 170,000—to be a really potent political force.

But there is a large body of Americans—many in high places—who are increasingly fearful of being dragged into the colonial powers now find themselves. It is even possible that America may disassociate herself from the colonial powers and "go it alone," seeking new friends among the new nations as she can find them.

Some of this sort of thinking comes from America's own revolutionary history, which makes her traditionally sympathetic to any people demanding self-government.

But much of it also comes from a fear of being landed in another Korean-type war.

And there is dismay, too, at the sweeping successes of nationalism, which only leave the West weaker and the Kremlin stronger. There is bit-

terness in discovering that where America has sought to mediate and restore friendships she has found herself in the middle of a quarrel, earning only resentment.

"Look," say these Americans, "we have constantly urged on the colonial powers that they should grant freedom to their peoples before they seize it. But it's always too little and too late. There is chaos in North Africa, ferment throughout the whole of the Middle East. And all the rewards we get for standing by the British, French and Portuguese are insults from the native people and our consulates stoned. We even find our allies suspecting us, siding with the nationalists."

All this does not mean, however, that there is any desire by these Americans to dump their allies. There is too much respect for Britain and for France, too much consciousness of their military necessity, for that.

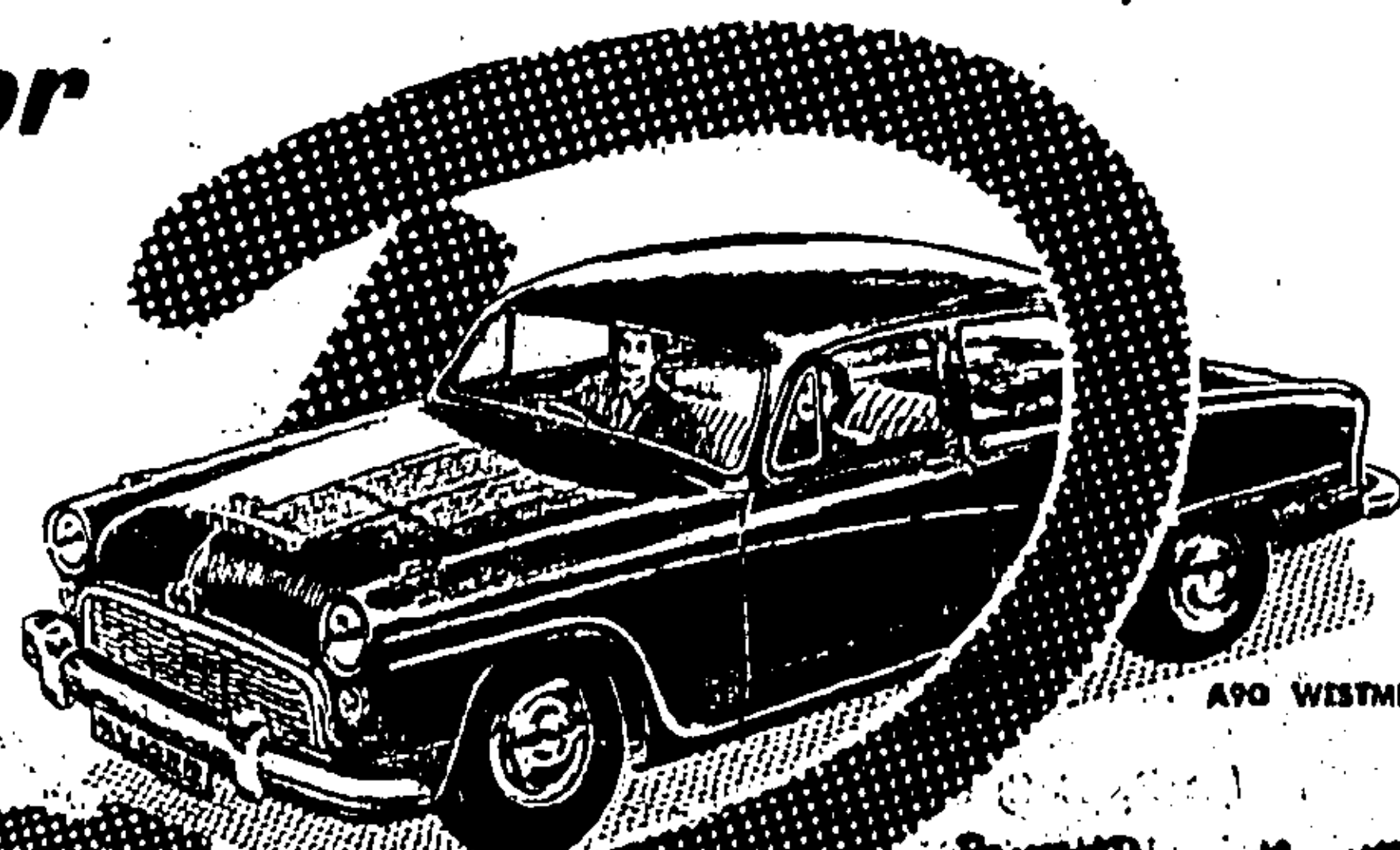
But there is deep feeling that there are times—and they elude the case of attitudes towards Red China—when the best of friends can agree to disagree and still work together in other fields.

Many Americans are convinced that a ringing declaration from the U.S. that she sponsors independence for all under colonial rule is needed to win over the millions of the Middle East, Africa, India and Pakistan and make them proof against Communism.

And if this causes friction with her old friends, then it must be faced for the benefit of the new. (COPYRIGHT)

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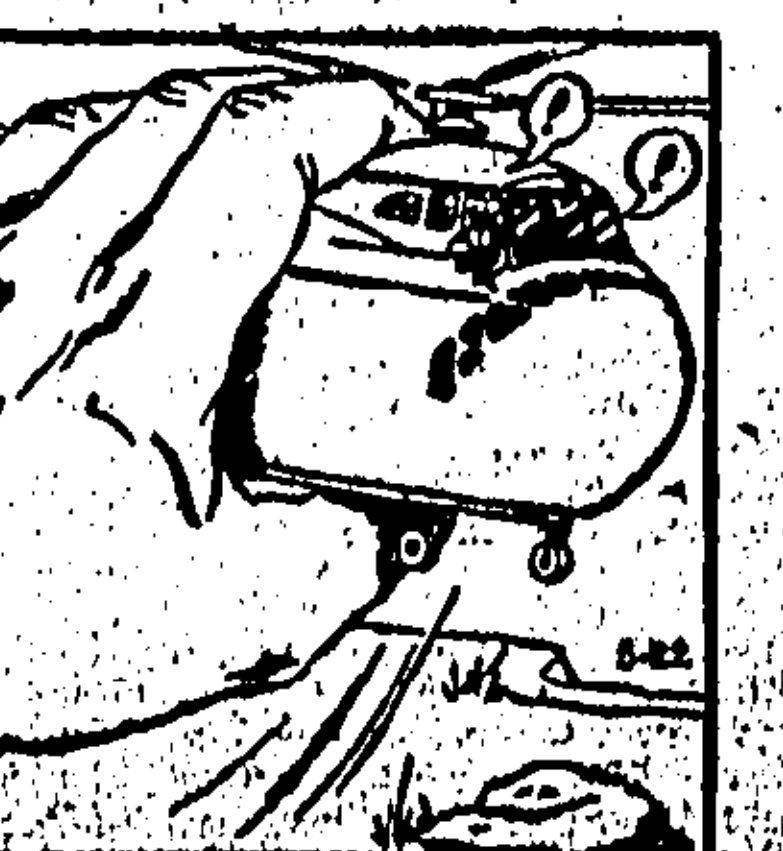
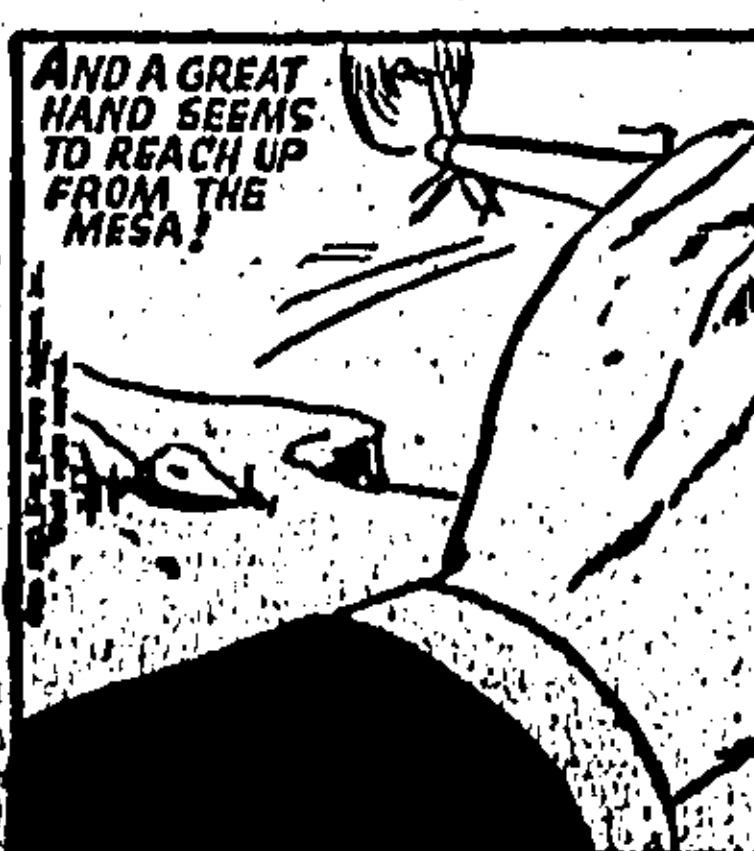
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



THE GREATEST DAY IN THE LIFE OF DON COCKELL



DON COCKELL IN HIS TRAINING QUARTERS

I've nothing against Women—but I prefer Men, says Marilyn

UNTIL the other day I never believed that Marilyn Monroe actually existed. It was all done by mirrors or mass hypnosis or something I felt sure.

She was surely just another American pipe dream. But sitting next to her on the chintz-covered settee with her eyelashes brushing my cheeks I had to admit that Miss Monroe is more than an optical illusion.

She is real—every curve of her I will explain how her eyelashes came to be brushing my cheeks just to clear up any possible misunderstanding.

First, she has rather long eyelashes. Secondly, when Miss Monroe is making a point, she does it with all the persuasive powers at her command; to be more precise she clutches your hand, slides up close and uses her eyelashes provocatively as a fan dancer uses her fan.

The particular point Miss Monroe was trying to make at that moment was that she liked men. I was prepared to let her convince me. "Don't you like girls?" she said and her eyelashes did a dance of the seven veils.

RED LACE

I said there was a lot to be said for her. She was wearing a red lace dress that plunged deeper than a deep sea diver and concealed just enough to emphasise how much it failed to conceal. She must have used radar to get into it. Placed strategically in the deep V of her neckline was a white rose.

"As a matter of fact," said Miss Monroe, "I like men more than men like me," and as she spoke removed the white rose and tossed it aside. "If I keep it there much longer it is liable to wilt," she explained with mock innocence.

The effect of this was to make the décolletage even more décolleté.

Willing a little myself, I edged a couple of inches away trying hard to remember the questions I had intended to ask her. But before I could ask anything she had moved up even closer and was brushing cigarette ash from my shirt and was saying, "I don't like to make any man give up hope. Because—who knows? I'm free, unattached—and I'm looking."

I asked what sort of man she was looking for.

OPEN SECRET

She said: "He must be a poet though that doesn't mean he has to write poetry. He should be sensitive. Sensitivity is as important as masculinity."

"And physical qualities..."

"He should have those too." Talking to Miss Monroe, her celebrated body is like an open secret between you. You may not actually talk about it, but you both know it is there.

She ran her hand down her neck and bare shoulders in a

THOMAS WISEMAN
reports from Hollywood

kind of ecstatic appreciation of herself and said: "If I had a long couch I could sprawl on it and make like I'm Cleopatra or something. Something is wrong."

"I feel like I ought to be drinking champagne. I know what's wrong. We need mood music to get the right atmosphere for this interview."

As she went over to switch on the radio, I took a quick look round the room. Somehow it was not the kind of room that complemented Miss Monroe's personality.

There were high-backed wooden chairs, brass lamps, a china cabinet full of china, a glass jar full of boiled sweets, powder mugs in a wall shelf, a grandfather clock, and outside by the circular swimming pool there was a child's rocking horse.

HER BEDROOM

Miss Monroe said: "I know it's not me. It's a house I've rented. I'm going to have my own house. Shall I tell you about the bedroom I'm going to have. I'm going to have a wide, wide bed. As wide as a meadow and all satins and furs and luxurious things... the room of the house would be more classical. But I do like luxury in the bedroom."

She proceeded to sing "The Best Things in Life are Expensive."

On the radio a voice was now singing, "If we've got to make a break let's make it clean."

Miss Monroe sprawled out on the floor and made a pillow out of a white mink stole. "That's better," she said. "I feel more like Cleopatra already."

She nuzzled her face against the white fur. "Gee," she said, "mink pillows—I never thought of that before."

She kicked up her legs for no reason except sheer exuberance, and said, "Look, Can-Can. That would make a good photograph, wouldn't it? Sell a lot of papers."

I noticed that she was as full of admiration for her legs (sheathed in black stockings) as the rest of the world.

I LIKE MEN

I suppose part of the reason why men like looking at her so much is because she likes being looked at. "What I like about men," said Miss Monroe, "is their vulnerability. It's so touching. No woman should ever trample on a man. They are such helpless creatures."

I asked if she had done any trampling in her time. "Oh no," she said. "I told you I like men. I've got nothing against women, but I prefer men."

In that case, I wanted to know, why was it that there was no romance in her life? We had been sitting talking for nearly three hours and on her third day back in Hollywood there had been not a single

telephone call of a romantic nature.

She said, "Nobody knows my phone number. But it did not seem a very convincing answer."

Could it be that the Marilyn Monroe myth had become such a big business that men were rather intimidated by it? Or had they merely been put off by the news that she read Dostoevsky?

Everyone was ringing Marilyn Monroe Inc. and nobody was ringing Marilyn. "I don't really have any friends in Hollywood," she added more frankly.

FOUR WAYS

Abruptly, the mood music changed and so did the mood. Miss Monroe stopped doing high kicks on the living-room floor, ceased to parody herself and came and sat quietly on the settee.

"There's another side to me," she said. "What you've just seen is the girl from the orphanage who has become a success and likes rich silky things and the rich silky life. But I'm a schizophrenic. Split about four ways. There's more to me than what you just saw—I don't even know myself exactly what."

"I've been away from Hollywood a year and I've learned something, I hope. I want to develop. I just want to grow. And I don't mean where some people may think I mean."

"I want to grow in stature, be a real actress. In New York I learned to make friends. I never had any friends, only conquests. I didn't have the time to find real friends. I was always being looked at, had no chance to look. I am perfectly serious about wanting to act seriously."

NO STUNT

"This is no stunt, believe me. It doesn't mean I want to do away with the Marilyn Monroe personality. That's also me. But not the whole of me."

"There's a part of me that wants to be a wife and mother. I could be such a marvellous wife. And there's the part of me that likes to—that likes men."

"That's the Marilyn we like, I told her. Don't grow a thing. But Miss Monroe said: 'Every one has to change. I grow up.' 'Speaking of changing,' I said, 'when you go to England what will you wear in bed? Is it still Chanel number five?'"

"No, for England I'll change to lavender water."

"Won't you be cold? Think of the English climate."

"I can keep warm anywhere," I was told to see Miss Monroe had not changed too drastically. A person has to make do with what she's got. For a girl who has got as much as Marilyn Monroe—and, in addition, to everything else she has real star personality, and a tremendous professional—this should be no hardship.

'All I knew was that the blob in front of me was Johnny Williams.....'

By GEORGE WHITING

SO it's just another fight, and you are in the business for dough, and the boxing rules do not mention pain. But the betting boys have made you a 4-1 underdog, and there is a salty taste to that red liquid that is oozing from your mouth and your nose and from those ugly gashes over your eyes.

You cannot see out of the purpling slit that was once a gleaming left eye. So you grope and you hope and you sling everything you've got at the blur that represents the "enemy"—the man who is inflicting these strictly commercial hurts on your person.

But who cares? Tonight's the night. The other guy is in worse shape than you are. You heard him gasp when you belted him in the ribs. You have left hooked the side of his right eye wide open with all the science and all the savagery of which you are capable.

The critics

You are winning. With every shot you ram a hot retort down the throats of those critics who have damned you as a has-been. What's a little blood?

You are hammering out, a heavyweight championship. Keep your hands up and you cannot go wrong. The rainbow is yours—and so is the pot of gold.

The boxing record books—agony columns with the blood cleaned up—accord no more than normal prominence to the fact that Don Cockell outpointed Johnny Williams for the British and Empire heavyweight championships at Harringay on May 12, 1953.

But talk to Cockell over a cup of office tea and you will learn, even through the camouflage of Cockney monosyllables, that that resourceful victory meant all the difference between fade-out and respect.

It also meant, later, a crack at Rocky Marciano's world title—and at least £20,000 improvement in the bank balance. That old song about the gent who had 11 more months and 10 more days to get out of the calaboose is not unsuited to Don Cockell.

Rehabilitation

It took him almost exactly that period of sweat, swipe and manoeuvre to toss back in our teeth those ever-so-tunny nicknames we used to think up for him. . . . Dumping Don, But-terball, the Waist of Time . . . that kind of stuff.

Incidentally, Cockell is engaged on another term of rehabilitation right now, but that is another story—and not at all funny.

Instead, picture the Cockell of just over four years ago. He has been bashed into the ropes and into a four-round defeat by an ill-considered Virginia Negro called Jimmy Slade—with Prince Philip looking on.

He is hauled off to Hammer-smith Hospital for an examination of the metabolic quirks that make him run to fat. He returns to outpoint a not-so-hot Italian called Tonini, perspires three stone away in a Brighton gymnasium . . . and loses his British and Empire cruiserweight titles to a rip-roaring Randolph Turpin. Cur-tains.

We wrote him off. We argued among ourselves whether the £7,500 he collected for the Turpin fight was a reasonable wage for the wallowing he took.

Knock-out

And we rated it a pretty fair assessment of pugilistic values when, four months later, he re-appeared as a suburban heavyweight down at Streatham—for £400.

He knocked out Paddy Slavin, a fast-tiding Irish champion, in the second round; and that, too, was rated a pretty good joke.

Don Cockell as a heavy-weight seemed good for fun. But he was not much else—an impression confirmed by a successful but unsightly knock-about turn with the lanky Yorkshireman, Frank Bell.

"Remember that one?" I asked Cockell.

"Of course I do," he replied. "How can a fighter forget a night when one of his own kind goes out for keeps?"

The penny dropped. Cockell had remembered what I had forgotten—that the night he beat Bell at the Royal Albert Hall was the night that Honore Pratesi of France fought the English Jake Tull. And died in hospital. Nobody laughed that one off.

Lduged

"You and Bell looked terrible," I ventured. "I wasn't so easy from where I was standing," replied Cockell. "Bell caught me with a right-hander that felt like a cricket ball. I hit him on the break. He lost his temper. I laughed. And that started it."

"Money did not come into it. It cost me more to train than the £450 I got for fighting Bell. But John Simpson, my manager, and I knew what we were doing."

"We were after a championship fight with Johnny Williams and it turned out the only way we could get it was for me to beat Bell, and then Tommy Farr."

Cockell did both. Against veteran but still-wily Farr, the Don gave us our first real inkling that the sap-drained cruiserweight who had been flattened by Turpin might, after all, be of some account in the heavyweight hierarchy.

Escape

Farr's gamesmanship throughout the training period at Brighton—they shared the same gymnasium—went for nothing when Cockell turned on seven rounds of intelligent boxing and calculated venom up at Nottingham.

Cockell, so recently written off, collected £1,250 and strode off, resolute and spiced with resentment towards the greatest day of his life.

But the championship battle against Williams nearly never happened.

After his usual light-morning breakfast, half a cup of tea and nothing to eat, Cockell and trainer Bill Cowd, set out by car from Diamond Farm, at Horam in Sussex, for the weigh-in at Jack Solomons' gymnasium off Piccadilly—and all but ran into death-on-the-road.

A gas-happy motorcyclist pulled across the front of the Cockell car at East Grinstead, and only a swift application of brakes by Cowd averted an accident.

Cockell weighed in at 14st. 9lb., made curt acknowledgements to the back-slappers turned-back-slappers, and left for a lunch of steak and raw cabbage (he hates the stuff) in his hideaway at Kensington.

Useful thing, a hideaway on the afternoon of the greatest night of your life, and I am not revealing its location. Suffice to say that Don Cockell has a very good friend in a sailor-turned-publican called Len Rollins.

Good report

Some fighters deck themselves with rainbow pants and eye-catching dressing-gowns for a championship fight, but any sartorial embellishments Cockell might have fancied for the all-important Williams bout had long since been destroyed by Bob, the family retriever.

Bob, now deceased, had chewed up four robes and a new raincoat in one wild wardrobe orgy, and left his master with nothing more resplendent than the ancient blue gown with which he began his career as a preliminary fighter at £8 a show.

Battle plans? Cockell had beaten and been beaten by Williams back in his apprentice days—and he knew the score. "Johnny was good—but vulnerable, especially if you could catch him quickly," says Cockell. "So I trained to be first with the left hand, and that's the way it went. He cut me up pretty badly, but not until after I had got to work and earned a few points."

That is as good a report of Cockell v. Williams as you will get. They hammered it out for the full 15 rounds, but it was the first three punches in the first 30 seconds that revealed to us ringiders that Don Cockell was ready for the purple heights of championship class all over again.

All left-handers. A hook to the ear, two more to a wide open mouth—and Williams had lost the initiative . . . back-peddalling, hesitant, at pains to avoid in-fighting, and with a championship fast slipping from his hold. A lesser man would have quit.

Williams's left eye, Cockell's nose and mouth, Williams's right eye, Cockell's left eye, Cockell's right eye. Everything goes. Patchwork in the corners. Frantic unloading by the layers of odds.

Champagne

Don Cockell is in roistering mood, paying off old scores against the world, and falling flat on his face in his eagerness to finish the affair with one mighty swipe in round 13.

"I was in a hell of a mess when we came up for the last round," says Cockell. "I had been doing all right but Johnny had caught me with some pretty good punches. I could see practically nothing. My right eye was cut and my left eye completely closed—I never opened it for two weeks."

"All I knew was that the blob in front of me was Johnny Williams, and that it only I could hit it and hold it for three more minutes I'd have that title."

Cockell, eyes or no eyes, held out. They rang the bell, they wiped away the stains of battle, they flourished the Lonsdale Belt, they put stitches in the wounds, and they labelled the new champion as a threat to the whole wide world.

"Anything else?" I asked Cockell.

"Yes. You might mention that we had champagne in the dressing-room—and that the reporters drank it."

H'm.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

The greatest day in the life of Ryder Cup golfer DAI REES



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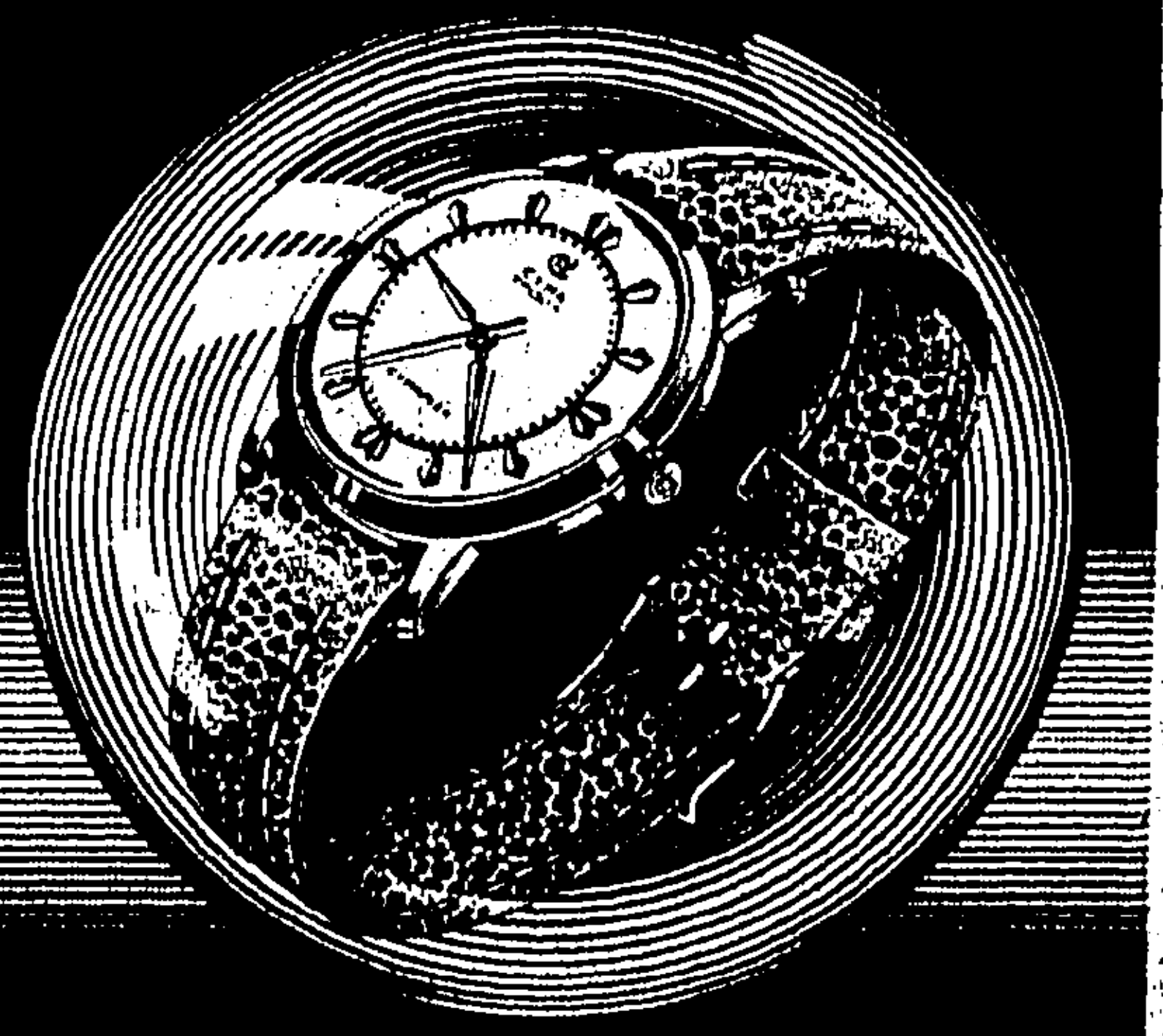
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INTO THE TWILIGHT WORLD

THE squat little medium stood and looked us over. In front of her a crucifix glowed luminously.

Near it were other symbols—a gilt Buddha, the Star of David, a coloured bust of Gandhi. We were sitting, waiting for the dead to talk, in the dark room of a Victorian house in Kensington.

Now the lights were dimmed. In a corner the well-dressed lady organist brushed her chords. Everything was silent, except for a gas fire's steady hiss.

Suddenly the medium moved over the gilt Buddha and began delivering messages from the dead. She pointed to a grey-haired woman in front of me: "There's a man here, quite well built, he says you will know him, friend."

The medium's hand went to her throat. "I have a choking feeling. I think he must have been talking hard just before he passed on." In front of me the green hat nodded eagerly.

Casual manner

THE message, continued. The little medium did not go into a trance. Her kindly, half-cockney tongue was tearing down the barriers of time and the grave. But it was so casual it might have been household messages for Forces Favourites.

"A grey-haired lady here, friend. Your mother, is it? Well, she is saying 'All the best. Take care of yourself.'"

Outside the February night was bitterly cold. But up and down the country, in draughty halls, in shabby parlours, similar meetings were taking place. At some, pet dogs and cats were brought along to be healed by spirit power; at others, the spirits themselves appeared, vague hovering faces in the dark, or voice trumpets were jerked to and fro by unseen hands; or a dead child lisped out of empty blackness to its parents.

Such things are as old as the earth. When shadows from man's first fire flickered along the cave, there was already talk about ghosts and spirits. Even today nearly every household has its private experience of premonitions, of dreams come true, of rappings which were heard just after uncle's death.

But Spiritualism, spreading from nineteenth-century America, has swept all these experiences into a huge religion. It has its own sects, its own hymns. It counts the famous and shrewd—such as Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, such as Hannen Swaffer—among its believers.

And, though like any other movement, it has its dupes-seekers, it is only rarely powered by the money-motive. As a religion, it gives comfort to millions in return for little more than pence on a collection plate.

The question

YET let us forget the religious beliefs of Spiritualists. Let us forget, too, all the enterprises which their religion pulls clattering along behind it. Forget the art studios which specialise in spirit portraits, the factories which make spirit trumpets ("luminous, aluminium, 21s.").

Look instead at the pillar on which the whole structure has been built. Look at the central question—Do the dead return to talk with the living?

What scientifically is the evidence for this belief? That has been the first aim of this present inquiry. Is there any hard reason for supposing that in those darkened rooms the dead return and talk? The question need not concern religion. Assume the answer is No. The negative does not deny the Christian belief in eternal life—for that, in the opinion of many orthodox Christians, is something quite different from the shadowy life of the seances room. Yet there are thousands of people, not Spiritualists, who cannot confidently answer No.

We all know the friend who went along to a seance just for the fun of it. He noticed the

Research—the case of Sir Edmund Hornby.

Sir Edmund had been Chief Judge in a British consular court abroad. When he returned from his tour of duty he brought back important evidence for the psychic researchers.

In concise legal phrases he told how he used to allow a local editor to call at his house to collect written judgments for that day. Then one evening the editor failed to call. Before he went to bed Sir Edmund handed the judgments to his butler in case the editor came later.

During the night Sir Edmund was woken by a knock at his

Comments one investigator: "It is more likely that he did have a vision of the dead reporter, but the other striking details were added bit by bit until his memory of the affair had become completely false."

But a trick of memory cannot explain some far stranger episodes in the annals of psychic research.

It cannot account for the disturbing case of the Reverend John Whitman, who died in 1916. A Miss Thorpe

The scientists move in to find what happens...

When the dead seem to talk to us

by Robert Pitman

flat vagueness of the medium's messages, he noticed how she groped blatantly for clues. Then, suddenly, amidst a stream of generalities supposedly from his dead father, she blurted out a tiny detail.

It was trivial, of course—something, say, about a patterned watch strap which the old man used to wear. Yet ever since our friend has kept wondering: "Was it a coincidence? Or was this really my father?"

What is the reaction of the scientific researchers to this kind of experience? What is the reaction of the men who descend on a haunted house with infra-red cameras and tapes?

While other scientists have been penetrating the atom, how far have they penetrated into the twilight world—the world where the dead seem to talk, where the daylight laws of physics are oddly ignored?

The research workers always preface their answer with a warning. They point out that most of the evidence is, in any case, nothing like so remarkable as it looks at first.

A widow attends a seance. She learns from the medium how her husband thanks her for the flowers which she placed in his coffin, how he wants her to give up all plans for selling their house, how he has been thinking about one or two little incidents from the past—such as the time on holiday when they lost their keys.

If it is accurate, such information will impress a bereaved woman more than the experienced investigator who knows that it could apply to half the widows in the country. And it is not only fond relatives who make the investigator wary.

The twilight world has a warping effect on the evidence of the most distinguished people. Look at an early case from the files of the Society for Psychical

Research—the case of Sir Edmund Hornby.

Sir Edmund had been Chief Judge in a British consular court abroad. When he returned from his tour of duty he brought back important evidence for the psychic researchers.

In concise legal phrases he told how he used to allow a local editor to call at his house to collect written judgments for that day. Then one evening the editor failed to call. Before he went to bed Sir Edmund handed the judgments to his butler in case the editor came later.

During the night Sir Edmund was woken by a knock at his door. It was the editor. Sir Edmund directed him to the butler, but the man still entered the bedroom and walked to the foot of Sir Edmund's bed.

His face was terribly pale. He pleaded to be given the judgments by word of mouth. Eventually Sir Edmund agreed, and the pale-faced editor took some notes and left. The time was then half past one.

At this point Lady Hornby woke, believing she had heard voices, and her husband told her what had happened.

Next morning he learned that the editor had never left his own house during the night. He had been found at his desk, dead of a heart attack, at 1.30 a.m. The last entry in his notebook? The heading "Judgments."

The Research Society's committees found Sir Edmund's evidence especially impressive. With his life-long legal training he could obviously distinguish facts from fancy.

Much less impressive was the sequel. Later in the same year a Mr F. H. Balfour wrote from China, where Sir Edmund had been Chief Judge.

He supplied some more facts about the editor's death. The records showed that the editor had not died in the night, but between eight and nine in the morning. He could not have been worrying about judgments for the previous day because on that day there had been no judgments.

And the corroboration by Lady Hornby? At the time there had been no Lady Hornby either. Sir Edmund did not get married until three months later.

What was Sir Edmund's response to this disclosure? The poor old man could only admit that his memory had deceived him. Was he a conscious fraud? It is not likely that he made up a story which could be so easily disproved.

was practising the technique known as "automatic writing" at her home. Sitting neatly, with eyes tightly shut, she let her pencil scribble aimlessly over the paper in front of her. The writing which resulted she believed to be inspired by a friend who had been killed in France.

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My son has had experience of Bull. He did his National Service in Catterick and then Malaya. I was not frightened for him in the second place because he had been in the first.

I'll tell you a story.

I SCRUB

OUR tank landing craft was doing the run-in to the beaches of Salerno in Italy at 11 plus 30 minutes. The first wave was ashore. The enemy was alerted.

I looked round at the troops of 56 London Division. Grim, scared, apprehensive, determined, hoping their manhood would not fail them.

"Ramp down" was the cry, and as it fell the first shell struck the craft.

It was then that I blessed Catterick Camp, and all its Bull, for the discipline it imposed on the troops in that

craft ready to disembark. It needed only one man to panic and trucks, armoured cars, and all the rest would be running into the narrow jaws of the craft.

It needed only one fool to disobey the landing drill for the beach to be clogged with men and vehicles, a sitting target for Panzers not far away.

YOU SCRUB

BUT no one disobeyed. Bull did that. Now you know why I wasn't afraid for my son....

I remember early one morning when I lumbered out on sick parade at Catterick. I was going to collect respirator glasses, but the R.S.M. slopped me. He condemned me to three nights potato basting because I had not a small kit for hospital, and I traced his genealogy back to Genghis Khan.

As I scrubbed barrack-room furniture, white-washed the backs of the stoves for a brigadier's inspection, and spent hours boning my boots till they shone like patent leather, I reviled the world, the war, the hopelessness of it all.

Thousands were then same as I was. Civilians steeped in self-pity. Civilians who could not have survived seven

days in an orchard. Civilians who did not know that victory in war goes to the man who can hold on one minute longer than the other.

And this thing called Bull makes you do that. It makes you obey the word of command. And, believe me, you can't wage war with conferences on whether to advance or retreat.

HE SCRUBS

ALL right, they will tell you that the Americans had less Bull than we had in the last war. We did assaults in divisional strength for which our Bull-less Allies needed a corps.

It was the Bull of Catterick, of Aldershot, of Salisbury that steered men to obey and not to be found wanting when the big moment came.

I think Field-Marshal Montgomery once said: "War is 99 percent waiting and one percent action...." something like that.

So unless you keep men keyed up during those weary

THE MAN WHO BELIEVES IN IT

MAJOR ROBERT FINDLAY, Royal Signals, served in Combined Operations Command throughout the war, took part in assault operations in the Western Desert, Italy, Burma, and Malaya.

IT STARTS TODAY—the story of dramatic new advances in Man's endeavour to solve the riddle of the Unknown



Drawn by ROBB

yond, would introduce, departed spirits.

Thus, on an autumn day 20 years ago, while the afternoon sun still shone into the room, the investigators sat waiting.

Leaning back in her armchair, Mrs Garrett was yawning repeatedly. Then tears started to trickle down her face. Next her lips began to move, and finally a strange sing-song voice broke through them. "I give you greeting, friends," it said. It was the guide, Uvani, himself.

The atmosphere grew hush. Uvani indicated that a spirit guest was hovering unseen near the group. "I see for the moment..." he began, and started to spell out a name. The listeners sat forward in their chairs. But it was not Conan Doyle's name which followed. "I-r-v-i-n-i," said Uvani, "or I-w-i-n-i."

Who was this unexpected visitor? The tense listeners were not left in doubt much longer. Suddenly the Uvani sing-song died away in Mrs Garrett's throat and the voice of an Englishman—the voice, apparently, of Irwin himself—burst out impatiently instead. The voice was jerky, slurred, difficult to follow. "Fabric's all waterlogged," it insisted desperately. "Ship's nose is down. Impossible to raise, cannot trim..."

When he died two investigators decided to give him the chance to turn up at a controlled seance and strike a ghastly blow for Spiritualism.

The seance was expected to follow familiar lines.

First, Mrs Garrett, a medium whose honesty was beyond doubt, would sink into a trance. She would talk in what she believed to be the voice of "Uvani," her Arab spirit guide. Then Uvani, as a kind of ambassador in the world be-

IN an instant the whole thing fitted together. On the previous Sunday, just over two days before, the giant British airship, R101, foundering through gusts of driving rain, had jerked to earth and exploded in the night in Northern France. In raging flames 40 men died, including the airship's captain, the captain's name? Flight-Lieutenant H. C. Irwin.

While the flitters pieced these facts together the desperate voice was keeping up its monologue a few feet away in the darkening room.

A torrent of technicalities spouted out. The slurred voice spoke incessantly of "starboard strakes" of "disposable lift," of "cruising altitude" and "bore capacity." "Two hours tried to rise," it protested, "but elevator jammed. Almost scraped the roofs at Achy."

What can explain this extraordinary seance?

Was it an unintentional fake? Did Mrs Garrett, with news of the disaster jangling in her mind, unconsciously reproduce details which she had seen in the press? A talk (Indian corporal) went pale. In his hand he had a paper bag in case he was sick. I knew the moment had come.

I pointed to his boots and whispered: "When did you clean those last, nalk?" And, in Urdu, "Bad show."

He did not need that bag. The discipline imposed by training, the obedience to command prevented even sea-sickness, and he was naive to meet the Japs with hate and even enthusiasm.

So howl on, you namby-pamblers, who think a man is demeaned because he scrubs a floor, or pools a potato, or makes his surroundings look clean and decent on the minimum of materials.

WE ALL SCRUB

HOWL on, you base wallahs, who don't know that the difference between going into a Cyprus wood after a terrorist and legging it for home is the difference between a good soldier and a poor one.

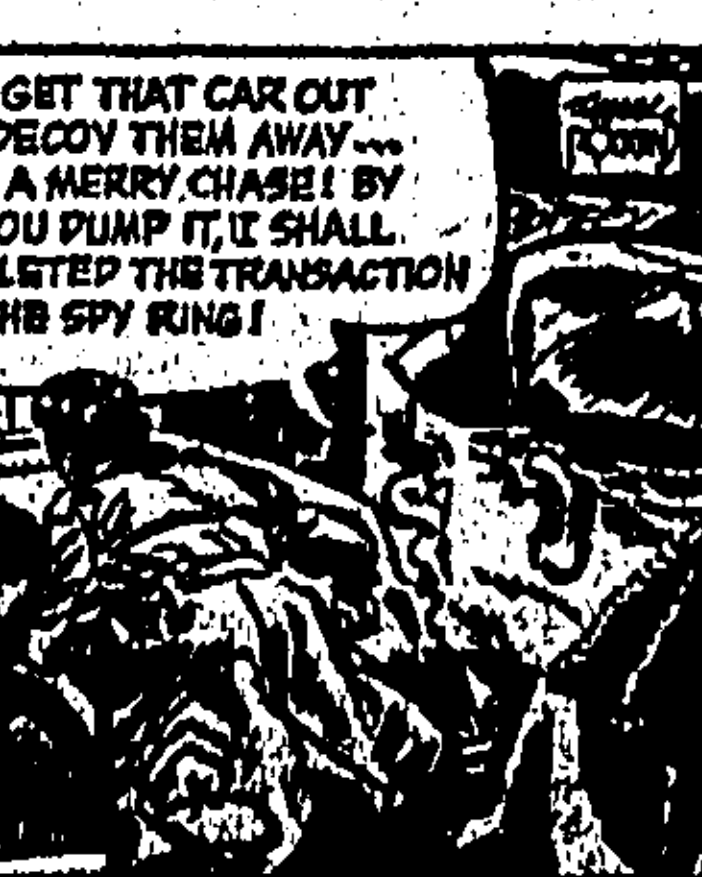
I was not afraid for my son. He had learned to obey without question. He had learned to be a soldier.

And Bull helps you to do that. So I believe in Bull. It is a fine thing.

NEXT SATURDAY: Can Telepathy Explain This Phenomenon?

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

PARIS GOES CRAZY

The main styles from the fashion centre of the world are relatively sober this year... until you take a peep at another side of the business

NINETEEN FIFTY-SIX is Crazy Year in Paris — at least as far as accessories are concerned. The look in general is lady-like, refined and quietly elegant—Parisians call it the "Grace Kelly look" — but it is offset by a touch of craziness in hats, in handbags and in shoes. And there are other crazy ideas in this idea-packed city as well. There are the Pass-in-Boots shoes made of a new rubberised fabric called Scrolatex. High-heeled shoes extend into stocking-length tights and can be worn rolled down or up above the knee. Parisians are changing their shoe boots for these lighter, buckle-trimmed shoes. Or what about using a travelling dog kennel as a bag-cum-shopping basket. That's what Madame Fath is showing in the Fath boutique. Other bags are made of coconut fibre and mounted on bamboo frames. Plain neck-lines are set off with rows and rows of wooden beads... parasols are matched up with sweaters made of red and white flit lace. Other parasols have handles which imitate thick rose stems, plus thorns and are topped with a frill of pink rose petals. And beach hats are the crazee-est yet.

High-crowned, wide-brimmed hats made of brightly coloured, paper-fine straw are swathed round with matching chiffon through which an enormous, jewel-set Spanish comb is thrust.

HOLLYHOCKS

Others are trimmed with topling spires made of life-sized hollyhocks and more than life-sized poppies, or with oranges that look as if they had come straight out of a Californian orange grove.

A round, straw bag appliqued with half-oranges goes with this one. Now that one-piece swim suits have replaced bikinis, Paris designers have thought out a way of combining a tanned midriff with a one-piece suit. They do it by linking up pantees and bra made of flowered cotton with a wide elasticised corset, specially woven so that the sun's rays will go through.

And as play-suits, they've borrowed ideas from costumes worn by clowns and pierrots. Made in striped or diamond-patterned cottons, these circus outfits are meant for South of France beaches this Summer.

Men are not left out of it in this Paris ideas race. Giot, famous hatter in the Place Vendôme, has launched the "Sherlock Holmes cap" for men. This is made in palest banana-coloured velvet — it is waterproofed — and they are paired with similar caps made for little boys so that father and son will be hatted alike this Spring. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

— Betty Wilson



CRAZEE... as a clown. Monsieur Henry a la Penzance dressed this one up. It is a play-suit... due to be seen on the Riviera later this year.

IT'S A SHOE
IT'S A BOOT
IT'S A STOCKING



CRAZEE... but true. These are shower shoes that can roll up above the knees depending on the weather.



CRAZEE... but clever. Madame's bag is a wicker travelling kennel plus purse. Toy poodles now traverse Paris in comfortable safety. If you do not see much of Madame it is because she is on guard against the freckle danger. Both ideas come from Genevieve Fath.

At a recent show in London, the umbrella is seen as A Future Fashion Accessory

London THE English "gentleman" has long been known the world over for his smartly rolled, ubiquitous umbrella. Often, this umbrella is joked about. Sometimes it is even ridiculed. But everywhere it is recognised as the hallmark of its owner from whom it is never separated.

Now, if the umbrella makers have their way, women of

fashion will be just as inseparable from an umbrella as their husbands.

Umbrellas of every shape and size for every occasion, from early morning to late at night, for men, women and children—but mostly for women—and for all weathers, were featured at London's first umbrella show.

In the past, umbrellas have been regarded by women as purely utilitarian accessories, designed to protect them, often rather inadequately, from the ravages of either rain or sun.

In future, the umbrella is to become as much a part of every smart woman's wardrobe as her handbag or her gloves.

The latest umbrellas are novel as well as useful. They may match your outfit or contrast with it. They may extend over that new evening dress a luxurious canopy of cloth of gold trimmed with mink, or over the summer Ascot dress a pagoda-like structure in lace, printed cotton or schirred chiffon.

There are 12-inch long telescopic umbrellas, in sequin-embroidered cases, designed especially for the handbag. There are ordinary size umbrellas of woven nylon in pastel shades, of black cobweb lace interwoven with a glistening silver thread and complete with a velvet Black Widow spider with glass eyes, harlequin striped cotton, and of white broderie anglaise reminiscent of grandmother's petticoat.

FOR THE WEDDING

There are umbrellas covered with pleated nylon frills, with flowers—carnations or water lilies—or white nylon lace over ice blue tulle.

Unmindful of the old proverb "happy the bride that the sun shines on", there is even a wedding umbrella in white satin with a bunch of white lilies-of-the-valley on top.

One is decked with coloured balls all up the centre spokes and on each point round the rim. Another, in black and white striped cotton, has a fringe of black cotton bobbles. Yet others are edged with matching, gilt or silver braid and even narrow lace.

One looks like a mushroom. Another is turned upwards to accommodate a bed of water lilies. A third is simply Lady Hamilton's picture hat complete with a narrow band of yellow glass, velvet, round, the crown.

Some are long and slim. Some are shorter and fatter. Many have amusing covers with petal-shape corners, of "cuffs" in astrakhan or mink. Some of the covers are embroidered with sequins, rhinestones and pearls. Handles are hooked, looped, crooked, straight, or just bent. Some are in plastic, some in fluorescent perspex; others are in tortoiseshell, leather, or wood.

One is in the shape of an elephant's head. Many have shepherd's crooks. Some are finished with flowers or studded with diamonds.

A magnifying mirror on the end of the handle of a green one in much-ruched silk enables the owner to keep watch on all—unnoticed.

A DITTY

And, after the musical fob, comes the musical umbrella. A tiny musical box concealed in the end of the handle enters into the owner with a tune whenever she feels like it. Finally, there is the new ditty of the umbrella-makers to warn all women who tend to leave their umbrellas lying about: "The rain it rained every day, On the just and unjust fell. 'But chiefly on the just, 'Because the unjust has pinched the just's umbrella.' —China Mail Special.

All That Glitters May Not Clean Well

Silver Springs, Md. ALL that gold and silver-plated lingerie of the holiday season poses a first rate problem for the cleaning industry.

The National Institute of Dry Cleaning warned women not to expect the impossible from these garments. The Institute says they can be dry-cleaned or hand-wet-cleaned if the garment designer permits. Protect the garment from lipstick or other spot or stain. Most of the materials used by a commercial spotter in a dry-cleaning plant to take out heavy stains also will remove the gold or silver-coloured particles from the fabric knit base.

If you want to press a gold-plated halter, blouse or slip at home, press on the wrong side with the iron set for acetate. United Press.

OLD WIVES' TALES AND FISH STORIES

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

WHY they should be, called old wives' tales, I will never know. They are not confined to old wives, not indeed to wives. Many an old-fashioned spinster has done her share in perpetuating the evil of old wives' tales.

At one time there was considerable warrant for some of the stories because the things that happened to women bearing children were pretty horrible. The difficulty is that superstitions and old wives' tales about pregnancy and childbirth do not disappear as science progresses, and justification for such stories ceases.

The younger mother-to-be will not be cheered by being told that after having a baby she will never be the same; that she will lose her charm and begin to get old; that she will suffer unspoken pain; that terrible things will happen to her in the delivery room.

Most of these things in this modern age are just not so. The painful ordeal of childbirth, while not entirely eliminated, has been

greatly reduced by many means ranging from anaesthesia through so-called natural childbirth to hypnosis.

Not only has pain been minimised, but so has danger. This in itself is sufficiently dramatic, but along with the saving in lives there are a good many other benefits.

• • •

The loss of attractiveness, particularly as to figure, is minimised by modern obstetrical practice in which weight gain is controlled, scientific supports are provided, and muscle tone is maintained during pregnancy and after the baby is born. The injuries and damage to the genital organs is minimised by more skilled obstetrics and the aftermath of childbirth is no longer chronic ill health and loss of the sexual functions.

The disappointments in lost babies faced by the expectant mothers of previous generations have been

reduced until most pregnancies now may confidently be expected to result in a healthy baby and a healthy and happy mother.

Except for the actual birth the modern husband now shares the responsibilities which go along with expectant parenthood and its realisation. Less and less does the expectant mother have to face her pregnancy alone while her husband goes about his business and his social life as if nothing had happened.

The old wives' tales have been compared to fish stories. Perfectly honest and reliable men are known to be completely unbelievable when they talk about the fish they have caught. Perfectly truthful women may exaggerate stories about childbirth, or build them up for dramatic effect without intending to do harm. Yet they may do great injury to the expectant mother by disturbing her and relying on her emotionally, and thus medical supervision is the surest way to this highly-vital state.

Many women have experienced a greater state of wellbeing and "feeling good" during pregnancy than at any other time. Perhaps this is due in a large part to the growing habit of continuous prenatal care beginning with the earliest onset of pregnancy and continuing straight through. Disregarding old wives' tales and relying on her emotionally, and thus medical supervision is the surest way to this highly-vital state.

calm relaxation and confidence.

Confidence and serenity for the expectant mother of today are fully justified. If she goes to her doctor early her morning sickness can be greatly relieved, shortened and sometimes eliminated. The hunger stage in pregnancy can also be controlled more effectively. Diet and weight can be regulated and the mother can be prepared for birth and the aftermath and a safe and happy return to her normal activities.

• • •

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ST John University past students singing the song of their alma mater at the dinner on Tuesday of alumni of Christian universities in China. His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, who spoke during the evening, is seen on the right talking to Dr Liang Sun. (Staff Photographer)



AT the reception given by the Indian Commissioner in Hongkong, Mr B. P. Adarkar, for Mr R. K. Nehru, Indian Ambassador to Peking. From left: Mr J. J. Cowperthwaite, Dr W. J. Cator, Mr Adarkar, Mr Nehru and Mr D. P. Sarin. (Staff Photographer)



MR Yao Hsin-nung, author of the play, "Beauty of Beauties," produced for the Arts Festival, with the two principals. Miss Yiu Min in the role of the beauty Shih Hsi, and Lo Wei as Wu Wang. (Staff Photographer)



MR Kwok Wai-chiu, son of the Hon. and Mrs Kwok Chan, with his bride, Miss Mary Mo-ching Wong, at their wedding reception at the Peninsula Hotel last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Miss B. E. Moses, Colony Trainer, Girl Guides Association, inspecting Salvation Army Scouts and Guides on parade last Sunday. On right is Lt-Col F. E. Jewkes of the Salvation Army. (Staff Photographer)



AT the annual dinner of St Joseph's College Old Boys' Association. Upper picture shows Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues, Mr F. M. Castro and the Hon. Dhun Rutanjee. In lower photo: Mr A. G. de Jesus shakes hands with Bro. John, a former headmaster, with Mr H. A. de Barros Botelho in centre. (Staff Photographer)

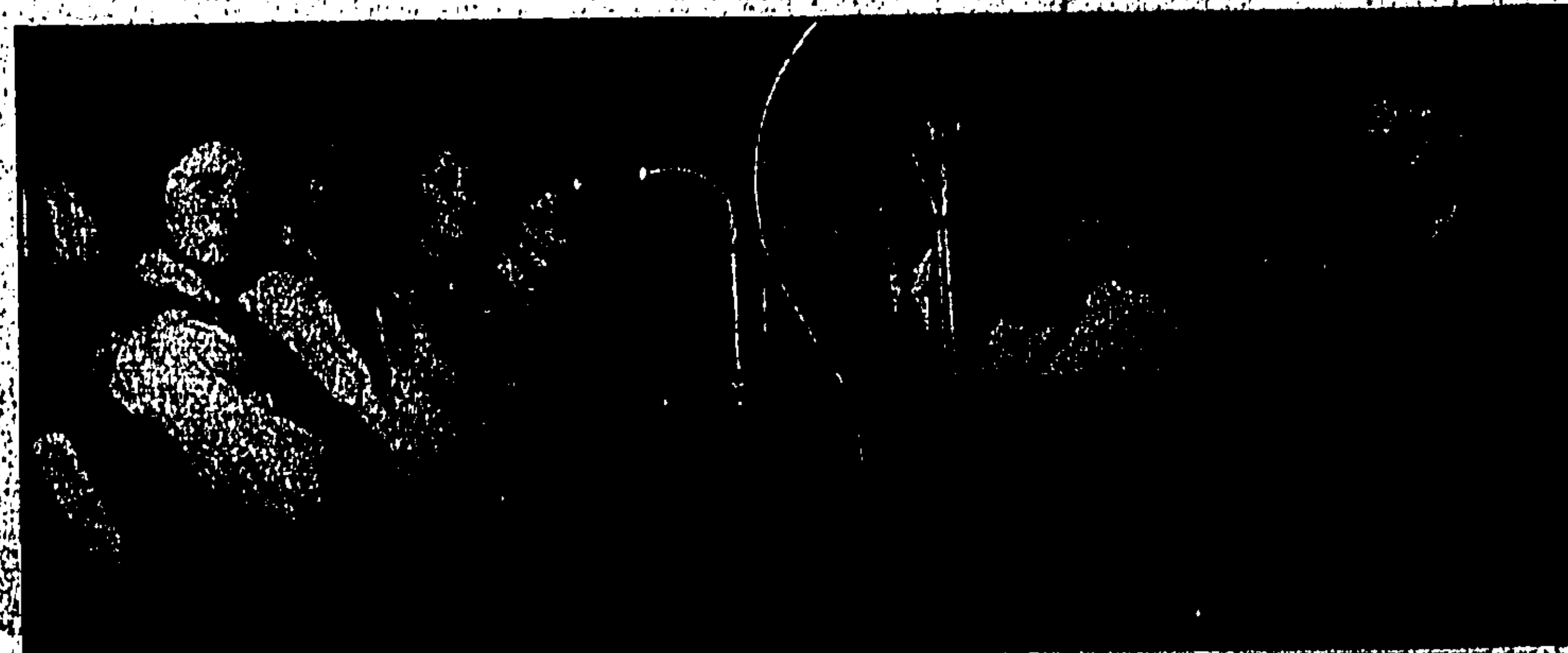
RIGHT: The Commandant of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, Col. L. T. Ride, visited the Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve at training camp on Stonecutters Island on Tuesday. Scene in the mess hall. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Two trophies—the President's Cup and the Lam Chi-fung Cup—make a big armful for this representative of St Paul's Boys' College Choir, and one of the stands drops off. Mrs D.J.S. Crozier, who presented prizes at the Schools' Music Festival prizewinners' concert, bends to help. (Staff Photographer)



ON Thursday, the Diocesan Boys' School beat the Diocesan Girls' School in Radio Hongkong's Inter-Schools Quiz. The teams, left to right: Janet Cunningham, Amy Chong, June Cheng and Shirley Pan; Reginald Tsang, Richard Itenson, Alec Itenson and Cheng Sze-wang. (Staff Photographer)



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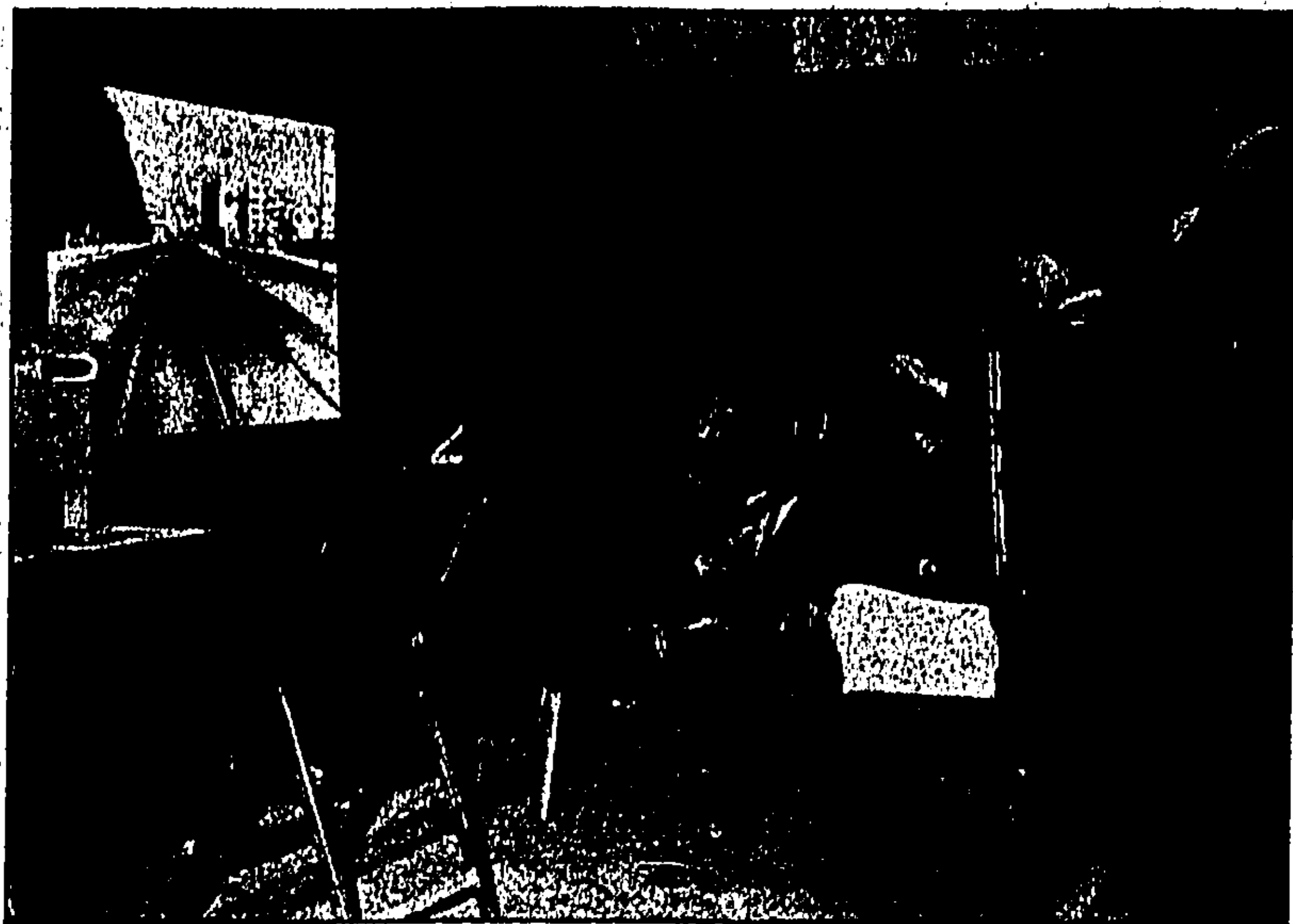
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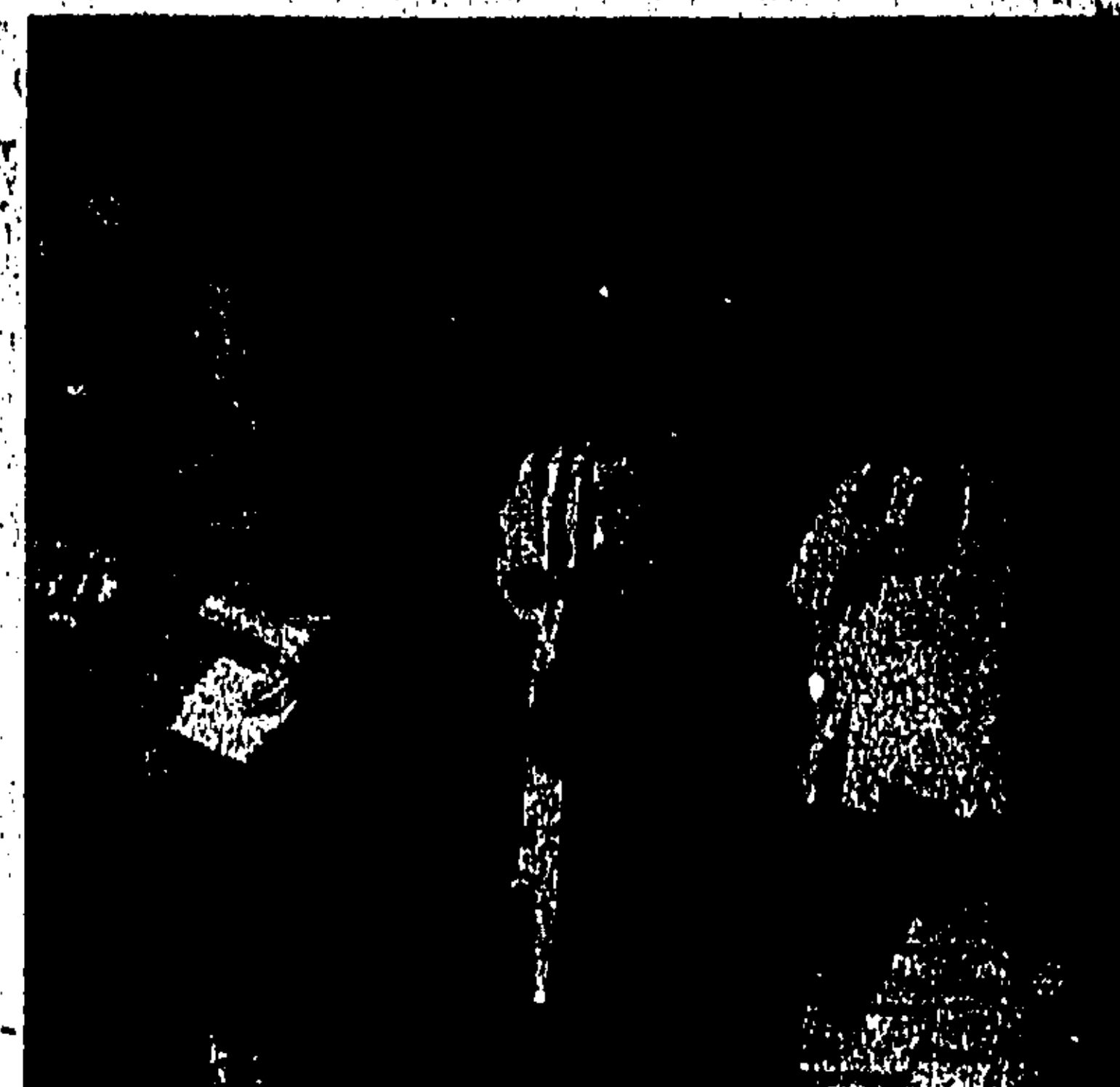
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TRYING out the speed reaction tester at the Traffic Exhibition is the Acting Commissioner of Police, Mr K. A. Bidmead. (Staff Photographer)



MR J. H. Bottomley (left) shaking hands with a colleague after a presentation made to him at the Public Works Department last week. Mr Bottomley, Chief Building Surveyor, is retiring after 32 years' service. (Staff Photographer)



LADY Grantham at St Stephen's Girls' College on Wednesday, when she laid the foundation stone of its Jubilee Building. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mrs Robert Pope congratulating her husband after he won the 10,000 metres at the HKAAA championships at Caroline Hill last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Lawrence Kadoorie presenting prizes at the annual speech day of Ellis Kadoorie A.M. School. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs S. S. Knowles in conversation with Mr Wm Randolph Hearst, Jr, the American newspaper magnate, at a cocktail party last week at the Correspondents' Club. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Rear-Admiral A. R. Pedder, Flag Officer Aircraft Carriers, explaining the purpose of "Operation Monsoon" to pressmen aboard HMS Albion. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Group at the Registry after the marriage last Saturday of Mr Young Wah-kam, of the South China Morning Post, Ltd., and Miss Choy Ching-han. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Tony Liang and Edwin Tsai (left) beat Fung Moon and Ip Koon-hung last week to take the Colony doubles tennis crown. Ip earlier retained his singles title against Tsai. (Staff Photographer)



THE 24 Field Engineer Regiment, RE, team which beat the North Staffordshire Regiment to win the Hongkong zone final for the Caldbeck Cup. (William Chong)



THE visiting Mohun Bagan football team from India taking the field at the Hongkong Stadium. They convincingly won two of the three matches they played here. (Staff Photographer)

IRISH LINEN MESH SHIRTS



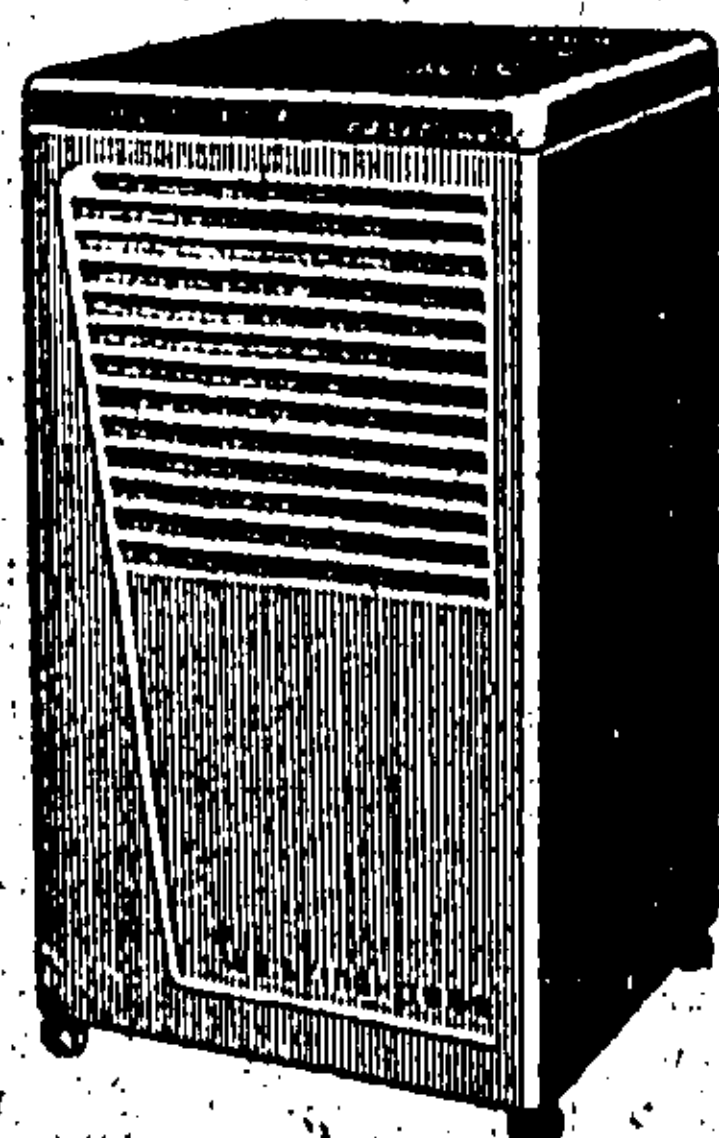
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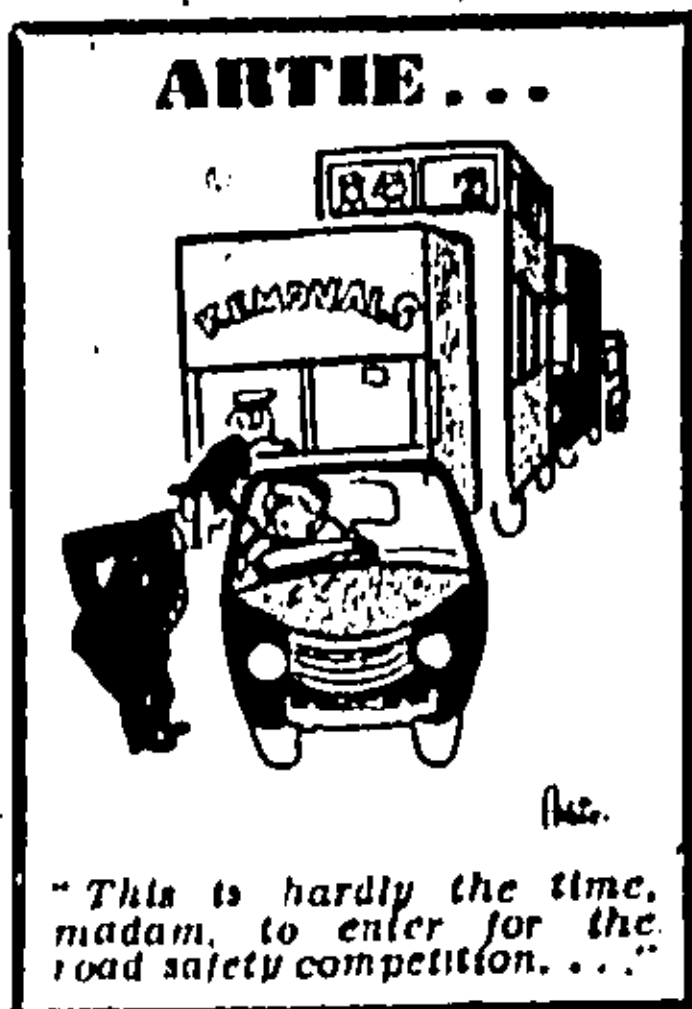
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HOW THE WHALE HUNTERS BEAT THE ALCOHOL BAN

OF WHALES AND MEN. By R. B. Robertson. Macmillan 21s. 247 pages.

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

WHY, I asked, do 16,000 men, Norwegians, British, Japanese and others, go every year on whaling expeditions?

Because, replies psychiatrist Robertson, after his eight months' tour of duty with a whale factory ship in the Antarctic, they are "psychopaths," that is to say, "too healthy to be acceptable to the civilisation into which they are born."

Among the psychopaths with whom Robertson sailed were Munsell who had once been a consul in New Orleans (no one knew what flag had flown outside his consulate).

A Norwegian who had once sailed on a crazy expedition to populate Bouvet Island with white foxes.

A lowland Scots wireless operator, whose grandfather had been on the first whaling ship through Davis Strait and—"It was time his grandfather's ear was wetted."

There was also a silent individual known as the Lone Fleser (expert who strips blubber from the whale) who spoke to no one, was never seen to leave his cabin save to do his job, but proved to be a bridge player of high calibre.

SCORED

The seamen were Shellanders (known as "North Sea Chinamen") because they take on work scorned by other British sailors. The engineers were Scots. All the whaling side of the expedition was in the firmly monopolistic hands of Norwegians.

The whale gunners make the big money. There are no British whale gunners. One is a Swedish-Norwegian-American ex-New York taxi-driver and run-runner. He is highly successful.

Robertson found his shipmates interesting and unusual human beings and he writes of them

with warmth, human curiosity, and a psychiatrist's detachment. His book is an admirable, if uneven, amateur job.

The long voyage south was a period of deepening gloom: it is always so, nobody knows why. But with the sighting of South Georgia everybody cheered up: it is always so, nobody knows why.

The whaling companies try to prevent alcohol reaching this far-South British possession. In consequence, the whalemen become expert brewers and distillers. The favourite local beverages are made—

From raisins laced with compass fluid.

From hair cream (invigorating and unpalatable, says Robertson).

From heating a popular boob polish and straining it through a loaf of bread; connoisseurs prefer to let this brew ferment for three days after which it should be kept in the cellar for four months. Four months is a long time between drinks in the Southern Ocean.

FOR A CENTURY

The fleet with which Robertson sailed totalled 14 ships, cost £3,000,000 of capital, and was organised to hunt and kill a mammal which (on average) will supply enough blubber to make votive candles for St Peter's for a century and enough meat to give every inhabitant of Liverpool a hamburger. Its value will be about £2,000.

Whalemen drink whale's milk when they get the chance, believing it to possess health-giving properties. Robertson could not bring himself to follow their example. He did not drink the boot polish either.

I found his story of the voyage, the hunt and the technique of whaling quite entrancing. It bristles with odd characters, humorous incidents, out-of-the-way information. Did you know that penguins are used as an international currency between the world's zoos?

Edison killed the sperm whale fishing in 1882 when he turned on the switch of Pearl Street power station in New York.

About that time, a Norwegian named Sven Foyn invented the harpoon gun. Modern whaling—the hunt for the big blue whale—was born.

Some scientists think there are less wasteful ways of doing the job. But one way or another, the hunt in the grey Antarctic will probably continue to have enough mystery to attract the "psychopath" and the writer.

TRIUMPH, REGRET

MAY 29, 1953. The day the epic of mountaineering ended in triumph and regret. The day Everest was climbed. For, as J. R. Ullman says in *The Age of Mountaineering* (Collins, 30s.), "Everest climbing will never be the same as Everest inviolate and no other mountain will quite capture its place in the imagination of men." Reports that somewhere in far western China is a mountain higher than Everest must apparently be dismissed.

Ullman tells the mountaineering saga which began one day in 1780 when a Genevan named de Saussure looked up at Mont Blanc and felt the first symptoms of "a kind of illness. I could not even look upon the mountain without being seized with an aching of desire."

A kind of illness became, through two centuries, a kind of heroism. Ullman passes on the infection, although not to me.

OVERTONES

FROM Victor Gollancz a book with social overtones.

The Bridgeburn Days, by Lucy Sinclair (18s.), is autobiography dressed as fiction. As "Institution" child tells what it was like to be brought up in a foster home by "Old Ma," who tried her best with old-fashioned notions and a hard palm to bring up her waifs to righteousness. A wan little picture of a pathetic childhood.

TOO BOOKISH

AT a time when the British theatre needs new talent, Angus Wilson's play *The Mulberry Bush* (Secker and Warburg, 10s. 6d.), may be read until it can be seen. It is fresh, inexact, its dialogue too bookishly "brilliant," its people (fading Oxford dons and their women) awkwardly and obliquely alive. Properly trimmed, "The Mulberry Bush" could take root and flourish in the West End.

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

BOTTLE WAR Is Scotland losing the cold war in the bottle? Scottish MP Emrys Hughes, Britain's unofficial court jester, wants to know.

He thinks the inroads being made by vodka in Canada and the United States are the first steps along the slippery path that leads to less Scotch and (hence) lower morale. Where it will end he doesn't dare prophesy.

He asked Board of Trade President, Peter Thorneycroft, in the House of Commons for a statement. Mr. Thorneycroft ducked. (On security grounds, perhaps?) But Mr. Hughes is still worried. "What can we do about it?" he asks, sadly.

Scottish distillers are also wondering what they can do about it.

So far, no answers.

CAVE MEN Fifteen Spanish students of archaeology have taken up life "à la Stone Age" in a prehistoric cavern in Aragon, northeast Spain. Headed by their don, 35-year-old Carlos Gutierrez, they will become Stone Age men for thirty days—hunting or fishing with stone weapons, making fires with flint, sleeping on dry leaves, using the skins of their prey to clothe their naked bodies.

Smoking and shaving have been forbidden—as anachronisms.

MATHS RIOT Squares roots and logarithms are the latest cause of riots in India. Hundreds of students all over West Bengal have rioted because the maths paper in a metric exam was "too stiff." The exams are so stiff, in fact, that at Calcutta a number of students are reported to have fainted. Sturdier ones just tore up exam papers and burnt them in inkwells.

The really sturdy ones worked out their frustration at not being able to work out the sums by smashing school desks, and marched on local education offices.

At Burdwan, 60 miles from Calcutta, police were called out to protect teachers supervising exams.

DENNIS THE MENACE Dennis the sea-lion disguised as a duff-coated gang were hauled into a court near London on charges of dance-hall brawling. Police reinforcements, said the prosecutor, had been necessary to break up the row when, in the words of one young mobster, the duff-coated gang wanted to "cut 'em to pieces."

A siletto was one of the weapons police found at the scene of the brawl.

SYNTHETIC "CREATURES" There is in existence a machine which Dr. W. Grey Walter, Director of the Physiological Department of the Burden Neurological Institute, Bristol, says "is perhaps the simplest mechanism that can be expected to behave like a rudimentary animal."

Dr. Walter described it at the Royal Institution in London as a small mobile machine resembling a tortoise in appearance. It has only two artificial nerve cells in the form of wireless valves and relays "whereas the human brain contains ten thousand million living cells." It differs from machines intended to extend human faculties (such as motor cars or electronic computers) only in its extreme simplicity, but also in its tendency to explore the world and to scale certain limited goals (moderate light) and to avoid extremes (obstacles and bright lights).

These creatures can form elementary societies and "feed" themselves on electric current.

This machine—concerned with reflexive behaviour—is one of a number of simple working models designed to aid in the study of brain function.

It is now process of succeeding the Edwardian rig as uniform of teen-age hooligans. Traditionally the duff-coat is khaki-coloured or dark blue.

Fashion leaders among adolescent brawlers, however, have ruled that it should be black. And black it is, with capacious pockets which can accommodate a flick-knife or a sharpened bicycle chain without an embarrassing bulge.

Last week a duff-coated gang were hauled into a court near London on charges of dance-hall brawling. Police reinforcements, said the prosecutor, had been necessary to break up the row when, in the words of one young mobster, the duff-coated gang wanted to "cut 'em to pieces."

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These creatures can form elementary societies and "feed" themselves on electric current.

SPECS IN THE FARMYARD Mr. J. Cooper's poultry breeding station at Bridport, Dorset, visitors are often surprised to see cockerels wearing dark spectacles. Cockerels fight and the station used to lose one or two every day.

The birds look sideways for feeding but forward for fighting. Now when they begin to acquire aggressiveness the spectacles are fixed to their beaks with pins through the nostrils and they cannot see to their front. The spectacles have reduced the killings by at least two-thirds.

GOING UP London Bridge, according to the nursery rhyme, has been falling down for as long as anyone can remember. In real life, London Bridge—a prosaic stretch of steel and asphalt—is quite all right, thank you.

The trouble lies with Tower Bridge. And the trouble is not that Tower Bridge is falling down but that it is going up. Tower Bridge is London's most famous landmark—the bridge that looks just like all the nursery rhyme illustrations of London Bridge.

But it was built in the days when ships were smaller and traffic more leisurely. Every time a ship of any size passes under it, its span must be raised.

The process of getting the span up, getting the ship under, and getting the span down again takes a long time. The result is that traffic piles up all the way back to another of London's famous landmarks—the Mile End Road, a grubby artery a good mile away. And it is often three-quarters of an hour before the last car in the line gets moving again.

There is a move afoot to pull Tower Bridge down. If it comes down there will be no soaring Gothic towers with their great spikes (replicas of spikes on an earlier bridge upon which hounds were once impaled as a caution to inbound evil doers). In their place, there will be steel and concrete and asphalt, which neither fall down nor go up.

LITERARY BUMP A blow on the head from a hammer started 66-year-old Martin Marin, a carpenter of La Solana, Castile, on a literary career. Martin took an axe to write. Since then, he has written 20 novels and 100 short stories, and earned £4,000.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

What Do You Think?

BY HARRY WEINERT



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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Relayed Commentaries On The Boat Race And The Grand National Tonight

Festival Critics

Two major events in the sporting calendar take place today. At Henley—Oxford challenges Cambridge to that extravagantly popular contest, "The Boat Race". John Snagge will be there to broadcast a commentary which will be relayed from the BBC for listeners in Hongkong at a quarter past eight.

From Henley to Aintree, Liverpool, for the major steeplechase of the year—"The Grand National". Commentaries by Raymond Glendenning assisted by Claude Harrison as race-reader at the Grandstand, and Robert Haynes, Michael O'Hehir and Peter O'Sullivan at key points on the course, can be heard at midnight tonight.

Tonight, at 7 p.m., the Critics meet again to discuss various Festival events of the past week. Donald Gould will talk about the Amateur Film shown by the Cine Club; Wolf Reade will review Radio Hongkong's production of "Lady Precious Stream"; Diana Madgett will comment on the University production of Dryden's "The Secular Masque" and Milton's "Comus"; and Audrey Mendes will review the Stage Club's production of Othello. The Chairman will be Timothy Birch.

In 1940, Coventry was the target for one of the most deadly of all the wartime air attacks on Britain. When the raiders had passed, little was left of the Mediaeval Cathedral of St Michael, save a slender spire, and a roofless nave.

Yesterday, beside the beauty of these ruins, which are to be preserved as a memorial garden, Her Majesty the Queen laid the foundation stone of the new Coventry Cathedral, designed by one of Britain's foremost architects, Mr Basil Spence. A recorded description of the ceremony can be heard from Radio Hongkong tomorrow at 1 p.m.

"THE GREAT DILEMMA"

A timely feature programme has been prepared by the United Nations Radio Division on the problem of disarmament. Called "The Great Dilemma", it is the first of a new series reviewing the major issues before the world today, and deals with the compulsions and complexities of disarmament, its past, its present and its future. This feature will be on the air at 8.30 on Monday evening.

Music

The Sunday Concert this week features programmes on

Hong Kong Birds

Herklots, G. A. C. 1953. Hong Kong Birds, Pp. vi+233, 11 pls., 8 in. colour, numerous black-and-white drawings in text. Hong Kong: South China Morning Post, Ltd., HK\$35.00.

"...a most welcome handbook for ornithologists resident or stationed in Hong Kong, all the hitherto recorded species are included, plumages are clearly and concisely described, and a short account is given of field characters, voice, habits, status, etc. The illustrations, except for three plates of photographs, are all by Cdr. A. M. Hughes, and include four attractive plates of the heads of 42 species and many useful drawings in the text. The writer of this review would have benefited greatly from this book when stationed in Hong Kong some years ago. Even now on referring to it, some 40 unfamiliar species on which notes were made at the time have almost all proved easily identifiable.—D. W. S.

(Extract from "The Bird" article in the British Ornithologists' Union, British Museum).

S. C. M. POST
HONG KONG KOWLOON

the Aldeburgh Festival, 1955, produced by the BBC.

E. M. Forster, the distinguished British author, has attended most of the Aldeburgh Festivals—sometimes as a lecturer—since they were inaugurated in the English Opera Group in 1946. Before the musical contribution to the Sunday Concert, Mr Forster gives his impressions of the Festivals, and of the little town of Aldeburgh itself.

This introduction will be followed by a recital recorded at the Parish Church, Aldeburgh, in which Peter Pears and Edgar Fleet (tenors), can be heard with Trevor Anthony (bass), the Purcell Singers conducted by Imogen Holst, and Ralph Downes is the organist.

Monday's programme includes the winner of the "Banner Prize" the St. Paul's Boys' School orchestra, who play "The Little Symphony" by Dancalia. Gold Medal Winner Charles Chan (tenor) sings "Phyllis has such Charming Graces," and Lillian Wu, winner of the Moutrie Challenge Trophy, plays a piano solo, John Ireland's "The Island Spell."

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 800 kilocycles per second).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 HORTON POPS ORCHESTRA "FORCES" PROGRAMMES.
2.00 HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary. (DBCTS).
3.00 "A LIFE OF BLISS"—WRITTEN BY GODFREY HARRISON. Produced by Leslie Bridgmont. Episode 4.
3.30 FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Donald Rogers.
4.00 "THE MAN OF PROPERTY"—BY JOHN GALSWORTHY. Adapted for radio by Muriel Laver; produced by Hugh Stewart. Part II (Final).

Ferdinand

2.00 p.m. MUSIC IN MINIATURE. Nina Milkins (piano).
2.30 SUNDAY SERVICE. From Blombury Baptist Church, London.
Conducted by the Rev. F. Townley Lord.
3.00 SPORT. Edited commentaries on the Boat Race and the Grand National.
3.30 ARCADE KERN. The story of the famous American composer.
4.00 FOR CHILDREN. "The Adventures of Pinocchio." Adapted for radio by Muriel Laver; produced by Hugh Stewart. Part II (Final).

4.30 "ORCHESTRA WIVES." Sections from Henry VIII. Played by Glenn Miller and his orchestra.
5.00 SPORT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda.
5.15 CELEBRATION. Headquarters Hongkong and Kowloon.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. EASTERN v. KITCHEN. Final of the Senior Challenge Cup.
Commentary from Hongkong Stadium.
6.15 INSTRUMENTAL FAVOURITES. Swedish Rhapsody. Percy Faith and his Orchestra; Time on my hands. Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra; Shant—Paul Weston and his Orchestra; Waltz in Swingtime. Percy Faith and his Orchestra.
7.00 CLOSURE ON THE FESTIVAL OF ARTS.
Donald Gould reviews the prize-winning films shown by the Amateur Cine Club. Wolf Reade comments on Radio Hongkong's production of "Lady Precious Stream." Diana Madgett discusses the University production of Dryden's "The Secular Masque" and Milton's "Comus" and Audrey Mendes reviews the Stage Club's production of Othello. The Chairman is Timothy Birch.
7.30 "JUNK BOX PARADE." Presented by Nick Kendal.
7.35 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS.
8.03 COMMENTARY OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 BOAT RACE. Oxford challenges Cambridge. A commentary by John Snagge.
8.30 THE GOON SHOW. (DBCTS). Peter Sellers, Spike Milligan, and the Goon Show. "The Case of the Missing Heir." Edited by Spike Milligan.
8.35 NEWS.
8.40 WEATHER REPORT.
8.45 RADIO DANCE DATE.
8.50 WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 MIDLIGHT RACING. The Grand National from Aintree, Liverpool.
Commentary on the Race by Raymond Glendenning assisted by Claude Harrison at the Grandstand; Robert Haynes at the First Fence; Michael O'Hehir at the Second Fence; Peter O'Sullivan at the 12th Fence.
9.15 CLOSURE DOWN.

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.15 LIGHT VARIETY.
10.30 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION. FROM ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH. Preacher: The Rev. Father C. Barrett. Gold Medal Winner Charles Chan (tenor) sings "Phyllis has such Charming Graces," and Lillian Wu, winner of the Moutrie Challenge Trophy, plays a piano solo, John Ireland's "The Island Spell."
11.00 MUSIC MOMENTS. Edith Farnard (piano).
11.15 MASTER OF THE MELODY. Audrey Mendes and his concert preachers.
11.30 MUSIC IN MINIATURE. The Marriage of Figaro—Overture.
11.35 MUSIC FROM OPERA. The Sicilian Vespers—Overture (Verdi)—Alfred Brendel conducting the New Symphony Orchestra. The scene from "Götterdämmerung" (Wagner)—Paul Schofield conducting the Vienna State Opera and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Conducted by Sir John Wood.
11.40 THE QUEEN OF SHEBA. (Goldmark)—London Pops Orchestra. Conducted by Alan Ayckbourn.
11.45 TIME SIGNAL.
11.50 "IT'S IN THE NEWS"—A NEW RADIO PANEL GAME. PRESENTED BY TIMOTHY BIRCH, PAT CRAIG, LUCY HUANG, NICK KENDAL, ROBERT SCOTT.
12.00 THE SUNDAY CONCERT. A L.D. BURTON FESTIVAL. Introduction by E. M. Forster, C.H.
Percy Pears and Edgar Fleet (bass), Trevor Anthony (bass), Ralph Downes (organ). The Purcell

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Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.15 LIGHT VARIETY.
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BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 21.530 Mr/s, 13.93m and on 17.810 Mc/s, 16.84m)

SATURDAY, MARCH 24

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.45 FOR CHILDREN.
A new adventure of Norman and his friends, the boy detectives.
7.30 EDUCATING ARCHIE.
8.15 THE BOAT RACE. Oxford challenges Cambridge. A commentary by John Snagge.
8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
8.35 COVENTRY CATHEDRAL. A recorded description of the laying of the foundation stone of the new Coventry Cathedral by Her Majesty the Queen.
9.30 SCOTISH MAGAZINE.
10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
10.30 THE GRAND NATIONAL. Commentaries on the race at Aintree, Liverpool, by Raymond Glendenning.
11.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. A commentary on the second half of one of the Scottish FA Cup semifinals.
SUNDAY, MARCH 25
7.00 p.m. MUSIC IN MINIATURE. Nina Milkins (piano).
7.30 SUNDAY SERVICE. From Blombury Baptist Church, London.
Conducted by the Rev. F. Townley Lord.
3.00 SPORT. Edited commentaries on the Boat Race and the Grand National.
3.30 ARCADE KERN. The story of the famous American composer.
4.00 FOR CHILDREN. "The Adventures of Pinocchio." Adapted for radio by Muriel Laver; produced by Hugh Stewart. Part II (Final).

MONDAY, MARCH 26

6.30 p.m. MIDLAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA.
7.30 THE GOON SHOW.
8.15 SPORTS REVIEW.
8.30 MUSIC FOR DANCING.
9.30 ENGLISH MAGAZINE. Presented by Celia Irving.
10.15 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION. FROM ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH. Preacher: The Rev. Father C. Barrett. Gold Medal Winner Charles Chan (tenor) sings "Phyllis has such Charming Graces," and Lillian Wu, winner of the Moutrie Challenge Trophy, plays a piano solo, John Ireland's "The Island Spell."
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Percy Pears and Edgar Fleet (bass), Trevor Anthony (bass), Ralph Downes (organ). The Purcell

TUESDAY, MARCH 27

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.45 IN TOWN TONIGHT.
7.30 COMMONWEALTH CLUB.
8.30 VARIETY CALLS THE TUNE.
9.15 HAND OF THE ROYAL ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.
9.45 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
10.15 NEW RECORDS.
11.15 TAKE IT FROM HERE.
11.45 THE HAPPY WANDERER. Recorded and presented by Lillian Wu.
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28
6.30 p.m. SAM POLLOCK.
6.45 FREE AND EASY.
7.30 SIB BARTLE FIERCE.
A radio biography.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
9.00 MUSIC QUESTIONS.
9.30 MUSIC MAGAZINE.
10.15 DON NOBIS PRESENTS. "The Key of the Garden." By Naomi Mitchinson and Lewis Gleigud.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.45 THE ARCHERS.
7.30 WHAT'S THE FORTY?
8.15 NEW RECORDS.
8.30 WIRE MAGAZINE.
9.30 GRAND HOTEL.
10.15 BEHIND THE SCENES.
10.30 THE OPEN GRAVE OF THE TRAGEDY OF THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON IN SEARCH OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE TO CHINA.
11.15 THE OPEN GRAVE OF THE TRAGEDY OF THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON IN SEARCH OF THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE TO CHINA.
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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

WHAT ARE THE FETTERS THAT SHATTER FORM AND MAKE THE GAME A MOCKERY

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

"...another thing, lad, always listen to men older than yourself. You may have to listen to a little nonsense, but if you sift the good from the bad you'll learn much. Listening is the cheapest form of education."

These words might have been given to a pupil by his school master; or they might have been the words of a father to his son who was on the threshold of adult adventure. They are neither. They are the words of wise advice given to Stanley Matthews some 25 years ago by Billy Meredith, the old Welsh internationalist, and one of the greatest players who ever graced the game.

This grand advice was given to Matthews when he was a lad of sixteen and the famous England winger makes mention of it in his second book "Feet First Again".

I thought about those words as I watched the third and final game of the Hongkong-Mohun Bagan series, and I found myself wondering just what sort of advice for the future we could give to two over-enthusiastic youngsters who gave such a thrilling display to beat the visitors by a solitary goal.

With just a change or two this line up would produce the framework of a side that could represent our interests for years to come, but to do that with the same enthusiasm and enterprise as they showed on Wednesday, it is obvious that they will have to be kept free of the strange fetters that are alleged to be responsible for the fantastic fluctuations in form of many of our better known stars.

WILL TO WIN

Looking back on the performances of the All-Hongkong and Hongkong Selection sides it is almost inconceivable that some of the players whom we know to be capable of really brilliant football should have played as they did in these games. There was not a semblance of team work, of team spirit, or of the vital will to win. Neither apparently

was there the slightest concern about overwhelming defeat. One of our top Chinese officials made the following remark to me after Sunday's painful display. "There are influences far greater than fate," he said, "and it is these influences which are to blame for shows like the one you have just seen today.... but you don't understand. I don't know what it was that I don't understand, but I do know that whatever it is, it certainly wields tremendous power and at its whim reduces our best players to shadows of their real self."

On every side one hears hints, rumours, and vivid stories of the great powers of the gambling rings and betting organisations. There is nothing veiled about the stories and I congratulate one well-known sportsman who has apparently stated that he is willing to put his knowledge and information on the matter at the disposal of the correct authorities.

This act requires reputation a deep times over by all those who openly claim inside, or even general, knowledge of the evil that is going on behind the soccer scenes. We have the players, and they have the skill, to put the Colony on the football map but they can only do that by playing football in a way that is not as a wheel compelled to move as some master machine demands.

50 MINUTES SOCCER
This season Hongkong introduced the full ninety minutes of

play in senior matches and there is no doubt at all that the players have shown themselves capable of lasting the distance without any deterioration in their play.

It is interesting to hear that this season all senior games in Singapore will be of 80 minutes duration.

According to reports reaching the Colony players and the majority of officials appear to favour the innovation, but there are others who believe that increased time will result in a falling off in standard as the players cannot be expected to stand up to the heat for the extra time. Some contend that 60 minutes will bore the spectators.

Such an attitude is hard to understand for Singapore will have to play the full time of 90 minutes when they are taking part in regional and international competitions and unless they are prepared to accustom their players to the longer game they are surely placing them at a great disadvantage when they travel to play elsewhere.

Generally the standard in Hongkong has been well maintained and while it is true that some games have fallen below the first class level there have been others when the spectators have remained rooted to their seats right to the final whistle.

It seems to me that the time factor is really unimportant; as far as the spectators are concerned. If the football is good enough they will wait and watch gladly; on the other hand if the football produced is poor and unentertaining who can blame them for turning away.

One of the most important games of the season will be played at the Hongkong Stadium this afternoon when the two meet Kitchener in the final of the Senior Shield.

Taking a line through current form, and remembering what Eastern did to Kitchener only a couple of weeks ago, it is hard to resist making a direct forecast in favour of Ko Po-keung and his mates.

However there is a world of difference between League football and a cup-tie. The whole approach to the game is changed and somehow or other the glamour of the big cup-tie brings out the very best in the players and often encourages them to play away above themselves.

POWERFUL ACE

For that reason I believe the game is much more open than a sound analysis of form might suggest. Kitchener have a powerful ace in their hand in the person of Lau Kai-chu who, although completely out of favour with the selectors, is to many minds a mine included. The best centre-forward in the Colony today. Provided the Kitchener wingers and wing-halves get the ball through to him Lau is capable of winning this game on his own.

Eastern with their glittering galaxy of stars will certainly start favourites to take the first material step towards collecting the League and Shield double. There is not the slightest doubt that they will put all they can into winning this game but somehow or other I have a strange feeling that if Kitchener, in spite of being outclassed and for a time outplayed when the sides last met, can weather Eastern's early onslaught and can prevent the loss of an early goal they might well cause the biggest upset of the season so far.

Tipsters are always on dangerous ground whatever they say. Let me say only that I see it this way. On form Eastern should win, but on a hunch Kitchener seem capable of making it a closer game than many people think... the vital stage will be in the first twenty minutes.

WEEK-END GAMES

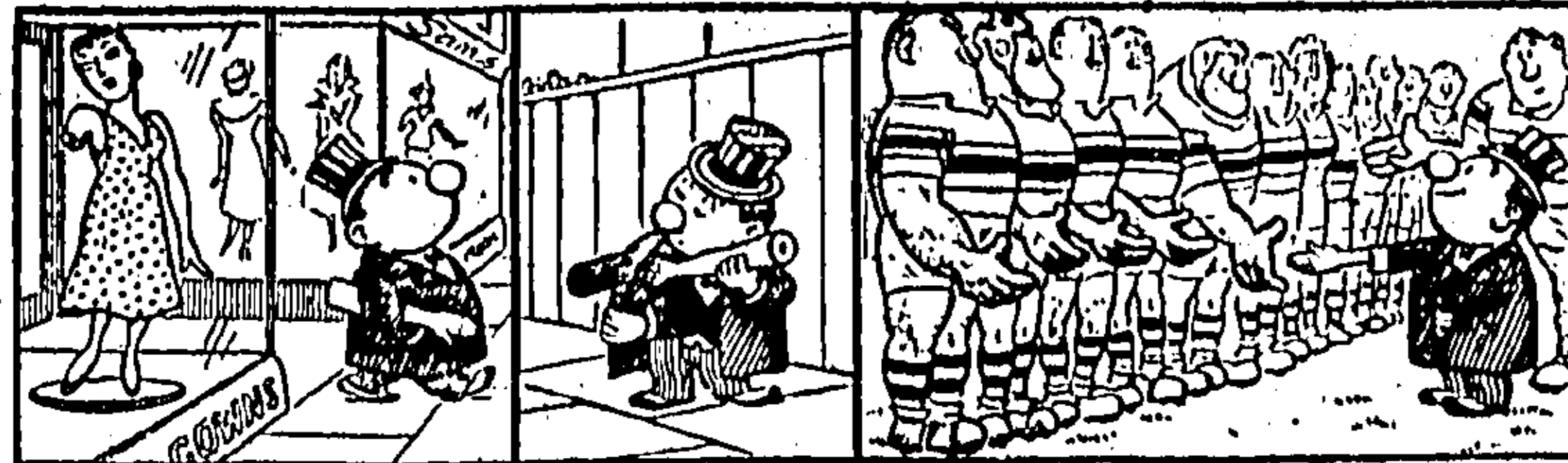
The full week-end programme is as follows:-

Today
Senior Shield Final: Eastern v. Kitchener at Hongkong Stadium at 4.45 p.m. Junior Shield Final: Eastern v. KMB at Hongkong Stadium. Kick-off 3 p.m.

Tomorrow
First Division: KMB v. Police at Caroline Hill. Sing Tao v. Royal Navy at Club; St. Joseph's v. CAA at Causeway Bay; Kwong Wah v. RAF at Boundary Street. All games start at 5 p.m.
KMB should add another couple of points to their increasing total with a victory over Police at Caroline Hill but the Sing Tao-Navy clash looks like being a rousing affair.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Three Keen Senior 'A' Division Clashes On The Programme

By "TIME OUT"

This week's softball programme at King's Park is highlighted by three keen Men's Senior "A" Division clashes. Taking top billing in this star-studded card is the appearances of the League leaders as Ed Carvalho's first-placed Braves cross bats with the youthful Blackhaws while the mighty Saint Joseph's, with mentor Jindo Hussain at the helm, tangle with the unpredictable Warriors. Another keenly contested tussle slated should find the Hongkong Pandas in an all-out effort against the US Navy contingent tomorrow at 3.30 p.m.

Raising the curtain on tomorrow's thrill-packed card is the feminine quarter as two play-offs are down for decision. With the Senior Ladies' play-offs busted wide open by virtue of the Wahooks' startling upset at the hands of the Capandas last week, tomorrow's opener at 9.30 a.m. will find the Wahooks and the South China

ladies in a battle for survival.

Coming back into the spotlight this week, the Junior ladies commence their last-ditch fight for the flag with the Overseas and the comely Colliers sharing the honours. This clash at 9.30 a.m. tomorrow on the "B" diamond starts off their best-of-three series for the Junior title.

TOP BILLING

As with all their appearances on the diamond, the Braves, once again take top billing in this week's card as they face the youthful Blackhaws at 11.00 a.m. tomorrow. With a slim one-game lead over their closest rivals, Ed Carvalho's boys cannot afford to take any chances against their young opponents as this team holds the distinction of having beaten the mighty Saints on one of their good days.

On the offensive, Carvalho will rely mainly on the steady right arm of ace hurler Vic Pedreira to keep the Hawks' boom guns at bay, with rifle-arm, lindsatcher Reggie Mattos closing the slants.

The ever-shifting infield is yet unknown, but the probable four to take the field tomorrow are lanky "Old Reliable" Yvanovich at first, steady "Tiger" Hussain at the keystone and feet-footed "Kid" Loureiro at the hot-corner. The post at

the windy alley will be given to the unerring glove of Junior Remedios who is an impenetrable wall in this inner line of defence.

Picking the outfield trio from a roster of stars is no easy task for Carvalho but, judging from the past performance of the players, the trio feeling the chafers tomorrow will be Eddie Chaves at left, Tony "Sluggo" Gutierrez at centre and fence-busting southpaw Budji Diaber in the right hand sector.

Utilities in this formidable line-up are lanky Derek Smirke and young Frank Loureiro, both hard-hitting outfielders with strong arms.

Lessing their mainstay by the migration of hurler Joey Grace to the States, the Hawks will fall back on Renée Barretto to boost their mound gag against the hard-hitting Braves tomorrow.

Forming the other half of the battery is "Cuehe" Souza, an outstanding figure in the Hawks' line-up and an impenetrable unit in the line of defence.

Adding the much-needed batting power for this tussle is the return of veteran southpaw Eric Remedios who will be posted at first.

Bullwhip Tony Silva, formerly of Jaguar fame, will be in action around the keyhole while up-and-coming youngster Mico Goan tackles the hard chore at third. Peppery Robert Nunes completes this quartet by filling in the hot spot at shortstop.

The Hawks' main feature, their slugging outfield, will find Gerry Remedios, Tony Rodriguez and Manuel Nunes in action. Manuel Nunes covers the area in left field, Gerry Remedios takes the right sector, while lefty Tony Rodriguez controls the defence programme in the vast area at centrefield.

SAINTS V. WARRIORS

Playing a second string role to the Braves-Blackhaws clash, the second round encounter between the strong Saint Joseph's and Eddie Marques' erstwhile Warriors will have fans packing the stands as the outcome may have a strong bearing on the final standings.

Out to keep their Pennant hopes alive for another crack, the Braves' Jindo Hussain of the Saints will be starting his strongest nino, against Eddie Marques' dierhans.

Southpaw chucker A. R. Saleh will toe the rubber for the favourites while opposing him on the slab for the underdog Warriors will be the fireballing of windmill artist "Goose" Wong.

Directing plays for the Joys in the catching department is none other than husky Mario "Red" Pereira with the infield four revolving around hustling Claude Pugh in the windy-alley. Powerhouse Ken Denalden guards the infield sack while Art Ozorio and Benny Omar, top names in local softball circles, protect the keyhole and hot-corner spots respectively.

DESMOND HACKETT'S COLUMN

PLAY THE GAMES RUSSIA'S WAY

This is the round-up of Olympic Games news for last week: Russia announce that they are sending around 450 athletes to Australia and will have the maximum entry in all events.....

Miss Elaine Burton, MP, differs with the Duke of Edinburgh, who had publicly disagreed with sending teams of "civil servants" to the Games. Miss Burton says the Government should help.....

Seventeen-year-old national swimmer Judy Grinham has to leave school because she cannot get reasonable training facilities.....

Nineteen-year-old British diving champion Ann Long condemns local authorities who prefer catering for creep dancers rather than swimmers.....

The Amateur Swimming Association announces that it has to sell matches to raise money to send swimmers to Melbourne.....

Sorting out that little lot is as tricky and dangerous as judging a bonny-baby show.....

The Russians have no trouble when it comes to sport. They just dip into the old Kremlin kitty and Ivan's year uncle. Britain will send a team of 120—if we can find the money.....

The Duke of Edinburgh has done a great service to sport, he is also a considerable sportsman himself, but I think that the vigorous Miss Burton, who was also a notable athlete, gets my vote.....

Miss Burton does not want a Minister of Sport, nor a State department which would demand that our athletes must win in triplicate.....

WE AGREE

More simply and sensibly, Miss Burton backs my own argument that from the millions of pounds poured in the Chancellor's bottomless purse sport is entitled to have a few thousands ploughed back.....

And how I agree with Miss Burton when she says: "The old idea of jolly good fun taking part is out of date. We should go in determined to be jolly good winners....."

"We should have every facility for training so that we have the best possible chances of carrying out the determination to succeed....."

It seems a shabby sort of deal when our athletes have to descend to the old muscle-haul deadline of poverty—selling the Games.....

It is even shabbier when local councils cover up the local councils cover up the

Nominate YOUR

Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the.....Club.

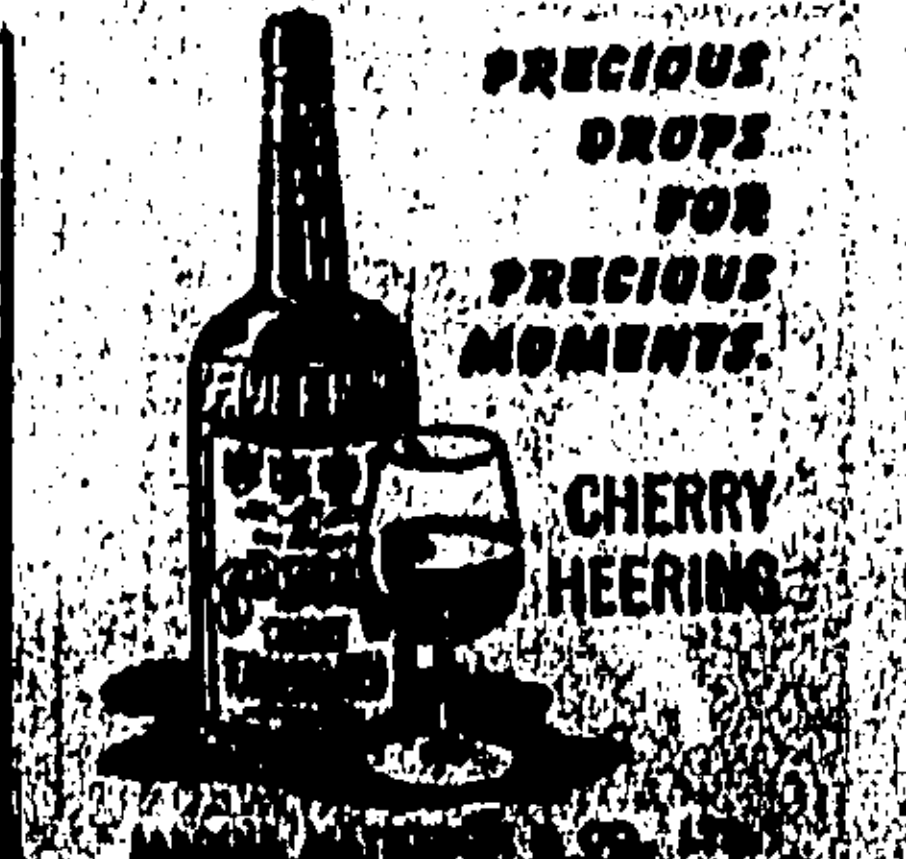
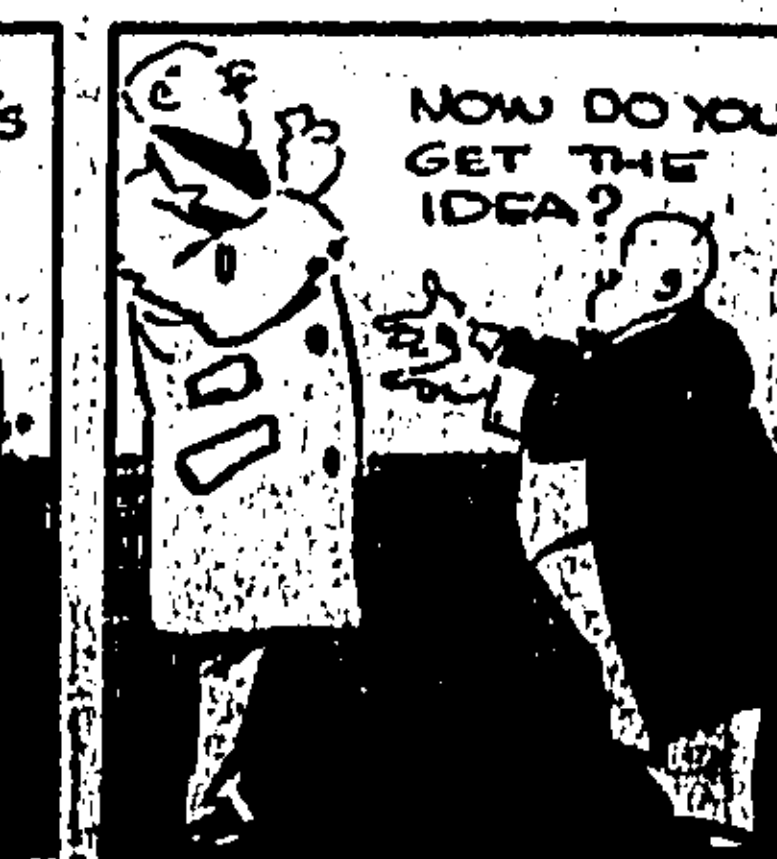
(Signed).....

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Name the country which won the Davis Cup in 1954, and their team.
2. What sports do you associate with the following terms: albatross, fine leg, snatch and knock-out?
3. Who won the World Table Tennis Championship at 1954, and went on to gain even more fame at another sport?
4. What famous sports personalities are known by these nicknames: The Galloping Major and the "Tongue Terror"?
5. Fill in the missing link: Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney—Jack Sharkey.
6. To whom did Jersey Joe Walcott lose the World Heavyweight boxing title?
7. With what name did the famous soccer managers play for: Stan Cullis, Ted Drake and Jimmy Seed?
8. Nationalities please of the following sportsmen: Kurt Nielsen, Stuart Loney, Dave Stephens and Roy Salvadori.
9. Who won the women's singles at Wimbledon last year?
10. Henry Armstrong held three world boxing titles at the same time. Which ones?

(Answers See Page 17)

POP



Drink to me only



Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Harry Homer
By ARCHIE QUICK

Not many people can claim that they have met footballing legend Mr. Harry Homer, who for once lost Alex James on a ferry boat between Denmark and Germany and £40,000 is my assessment of what the wee Scot would fetch in the transfer market today.

Mr. Homer was in charge of the administrative side of an Arsenal Continental tour some twenty years ago, and the wind of the party were in the train Berlin-bound was the cleverest of all footballers himself. James had looked after himself with his usual Scottish cunning along the banks of the German capital by first class travel before the main body of "troops."

Mr. Homer is Soccer Fan No. 1, with the Arsenal almost entirely an Arsenal. It all started in 1932 when he was hiding in the Austrian Tyrol, went into a Vienna bar and met the England team. There were five Arsenal players in the national side that day, manager George Allison, bought the strange Englishman a drink and that was the beginning of an association between Homer and the Arsenal which has become almost a religion with Harry—and his wife. Later he met Eddie Hogg and Cliff Bastin walking along the banks of the not-so-blue Danube at Budapest, and since then Arsenal has been indelibly written on his heart, fanatically so.

ENTHUSIASTIC OFFICIAL

Most of Arsenal's trips abroad have seen Mr. Homer with the party, and for a long while he was not only an enthusiastic official of the exclusive Arsenal Club Enclosure, but he wrote the programme notes.

Now Harry lives deep in the heart of Sussex, and has his lovely chalet bungalow painted a distinctive colour. Yes, you have guessed it—red and white. One room of the house has been converted into a red and white bar, and its name—"Gunner's Arms." In one corner there is a museum of sporting memories—foreign club pennants, programmes etc. and ad lib. While in the front lawn there has been planted a sod of the sacred Highbury turf. Yes, Harry certainly worships his football in general and Arsenal in particular.

Living in Spain he has made many sporting contacts there, and he it was who arranged the ill-fated visit of Bilbao to Wolverhampton Wanderers—cancelled because of the Players' Union ban on floodlight matches.

Groundsman With A Difference

Every night 61-year-old Tom Parker is the last man to leave Arsenal's ground at Somerset Park. He makes sure the water has been turned off, all lights are out, the doors securely locked etc.—and then he walks smartly home. Nothing remarkable about that, except that Tom lost his sight just before the last war. He has been Arsenal's groundsman since 1927 and has served under seven managers.

THE HONOURS 'MERRY-GO-ROUND'

Can Manchester Claim The Double This Year?

Asks DON REVIE

Have you noticed how the hub of the Soccer world has moved from London to Lancashire? Quite true, of course, because five of the top nine clubs in the First Division come from Lancashire.

In fact Manchester people are already speaking boldly of a city double, with Manchester United as League Champions and Manchester City as Cup winners.

A double honour like this for the same city has not occurred since Everton won the Cup in 1906, while their near neighbours, Liverpool, won the League Championship the same season.

It is remarkable how the game's honours seem to go round each area in turn.

Before the first World War, the North-East had a great win. Newcastle United played in five Finals and Sunderland won another great side over the same period.

After the war it was Yorkshire's turn. Huddersfield Town won the Cup and the League Championships. Then it was Sheffield Wednesday's turn to win the League Championship two years in succession.

London took over next as the centre of Soccer with Arsenal either winning the Cup or the League Championship in those fantastic years prior to 1939.

Then Wolves and West Brom brought honours to the Midlands and now it is Manchester's turn. Or at least it looks that way.

WONDERFUL WOLVES

All season I have been praising the wonderful Wolves and Maltby's brilliant young side. I don't think I have said that my own club, Manchester City, are playing as well at the moment that I honestly think they would have won the League Championship this season if they had made a brighter start.

Although every player likes to win a Cup medal from the Manager's point of view, it is much more encouraging if his side wins the League title.

To win the Championship a club needs to make a good standard of football right through the season; it calls for stamina, skill and class. And the Manager of a Championship winning club—without getting over confident—can feel fairly satisfied that his club should be safe for a few seasons. It is, in fact, a tribute to his team building plans, whereas as everyone knows, a Cup winning team needs a fairly large slice of luck on the way to Wembley.

In the next few weeks, interest will be boiling up for the international between Scotland and England at Hampden Park. And it will be interesting to find out if England make many changes from the side which beat Spain.

At the moment it is a heartening sign in British football to see so many fine half-backs jostling for international recognition. Of the younger school we have Eddie Coleman and Duncan Edwards of Manchester United; Jim Ley of Sheffield United; Stan Anderson of Sunderland; and Trevor Smith of Birmingham. But I think the finest half-back playing today is Ken Barnes, Manchester City's right half.

I stand to be accused of prejudice, of course, but Ken has come to form at the right time.

Only those who have played with him can really appreciate how much ground he covers—and his slide-rule passes and link-up with brilliant Bobby Johnstone is one of the reasons for City's success this year.

Ken Barnes is the Gordon Philie of football. A rangy long-legged type, he does not look particularly fast. But take it from me, when we have a mile race at Maine Road, Ken is out on his own.

Amazing to think that a few years ago he could command a place in the First Division team, and he has easily gone into lower league football.

THE LONG, LONG WAIT

Whoever wins the Cup semi-finals is going to have that long wait for the great day at Wembley. I don't know anyone in football who relishes the six weeks' gap between semi-final and Final.

It is far too long. There is a tendency for players to play safe; they look after every minor injury, and they wouldn't

be human if they didn't tend to take it easy in some matches, with the glittering prize of the Cup Final so tantalisingly near.

Yet experience shows that it is far better for clubs and players to carry on strongly in the League. The chap who goes in half-heartedly to a tackle is always the more liable to get hurt. And it can be fatal for a team right on form to relax in the League. It is often too much of a struggle for highly fit men to get back into their former smooth rhythm.

The motto, hard though it is, should be: Don't relax—keep going for Cup and League!

As I forecast last week, when on both sides has averted a Players' Union strike, I'm sure everyone hopes that this is the dawn of better and friendlier relations all round, with players and administrators doing all they can to improve the game itself.

(COPYRIGHT)

SPORTS ROUND-UP

DON COCKELL TO DEFEND BRITISH HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE IN MAY

Don Cockell will defend his British Heavyweight title against Jack Gardner in Leicester or Birmingham at the end of May. The fight was originally planned for the White City as a Jack Solomon promotion. But it has been postponed several times. Now Joe Jacobs of Leicester and Alec Griffiths of Birmingham are negotiating for the contract.

Hogan Bassey, Nigerian holder of the British Empire Featherweight Championship, meets Louis Cabo of Belgium over ten rounds at Liverpool Stadium on March 22, in a non-title bout.

Northamptonshire are rapidly becoming cricket's most progressive county. Their recent progress that evening cricket should be allowed on the second day of county matches, has been adopted by the Advisory County Committee. Both clubs will have to agree in which case play will start around 2.30 p.m., and stumps drawn at 8.15 p.m.

CLOSE CONTACT

John Surtees, brilliant young British motor cyclist who is rated second only to Geoff Duke, likes to maintain a close contact with the places and folk he knew before he became famous. So John, a South Londoner, will make his first public appearance on his Italian MV-Augusta machine at the Easter Monday Crystal

Palace meeting, where he scored his early triumphs.

Harold Hassall, former Bolton and England international inside-forward, whose playing career was cut short through injury, is making a comeback—as a referee. He recently took his second class refereeing examination.

Gordon Bradley, Notts County goalkeeper, who played for Leicester City in the 1949 Cup Final, has been appointed official coach to the Irish Lawn Tennis Association. Bradley, the only League footballer who is a professional tennis player, will take up his duties in May. He will continue to play for Notts County.

(London Express Service.) (COPYRIGHT)

On March 19 the 1956 Flat racing season began in England. What can followers of racing expect? JAMES PARK has been touring the stables to find out. He has made a thorough study of the horses and has chosen a list of TWELVE TO FOLLOW each time they race. He will name them and give reasons for his choice in next Wednesday's China Mail. In Thursday's China Mail he will assess the chances of the horses in Captain Boyd-Rochford's stable.

SOME HORSES HAVE FIGURE TROUBLE

Harry Wragg is always looking for new ideas. He had a riding school built so that his horses could be exercised during wintry spells. Now he has a weighing machine—an idea copied from the USA. For the past few years Harry has spent his holiday in California and, as has always been the case, kept his eyes and ears wide open.

He has picked up hints, such as clocking gallops, and putting them into practice. I do not know of any other trainer in England who has a weighing machine but in many countries it is used extensively.

The horses in the Bouscass stable are weighed regularly from the time they enter as yearlings and each has his or her own chart which is kept up to date throughout the years. It can be valuable. I have been told it indicates the weight at which a horse produces his best form. Horses are weighed before and after a race and this tells how much has been shed by the exertion. The amount can vary according to the individual and provides useful information for the trainer.

When some horses were being sent to California during the winter, Harry arranged for his apprentice jockey, Peter Robinson, to travel with them. When Robinson got there he was granted a licence and had a few rides. That was regarded as nothing more than experience.

Though the American jockeys are sick at the start, Robinson was first away in every race. Robinson was the find of last season and as the saying has it is the "best horse in the stable." He has put on a few pounds but will go to scale at 7st. 4lb. He will be out of his time in September.

The riding will be shared by Harry's son-in-law, Manny Mercer, and Robinson. The stable will have three runners in the Lincolnshire Handicap a week today—Kenmore Bedser and Ciao. They were kept going in the riding school, when the weather was severe, with the result that they were ready to go into strong work as soon as conditions improved.

They were galloped at Newmarket this morning and, as a result, Manny Mercer elected to ride Kenmore. His brother, Joe, will be on Bedser, and Robinson takes the mount on Ciao.

If the trio run up to the home form, KENMORE should prove the best but the draw can often upset preconceived ideas at Lincoln.

Kenmore's joints have always been troublesome. He has been blistered and so far has got through his preparation safely. If he is beaten, it will not be for lack of condition and, as he showed plenty of speed as a three-year-old, he should be able to take up a good position from the start.

BEDSER looks a picture and is to be given a chance to show what he can do as a miller. He has previously been regarded as a middle-distance performer.

CIAO is rather small but can pick up a race or two in his own class.

GOLOVINE has grown into a grand looking horse and he loves to show himself off in his box. He is at home at distances from a mile and a half to two miles

and will once more pay his way if the handicappers give him a chance to do so.

MILITARY COURT and IMMORTAL were on offer at stations but remain in training. Each has been blistered and it is hoped they will stand up to another season's racing. In the case of IMMORTAL it may be the wish of his father to the thought, but everything is being done to get the tendons calous again.

There were no more honest horses in training last year than IMMORTAL and MILITARY COURT. The former made astonishing improvement in the course of the season. He started off by winning the Newbury Cup with 7st. and wound up by winning a Cambridge trial with 9st. in the saddle.

HYPERION KID has filled out since his three-year-old days and will make a good stayer if his legs do not give any trouble. The buttering on the hard ground last year left its mark but it is hoped he will get through another season's racing. If so, he will make a useful stayer. He looks altogether more robust than at any previous time.

SHIRASTIN is a neat little colt who looks almost ready to run. He was a model of consistency last season and from the time he found his form was never out of the first three. Apart from a walk-over he won four races and was three times second. That is the kind I like.

There are no classic three-year-old colts but several gave promise of something better to come.

LUCERO had a light season but was placed in each of his three races. He was retired for the season after running at Newmarket in July and that has given him an opportunity to develop. That may prove a paying policy as he is now a stylish colt.

In a physical sense he has progressed on excellent lines and should not long remain a maiden.

PERSIAN GOD is much stronger than in his two-year-old days and gives the impression he has made good progress. He has not had a lot of racing. On both sides of his pedigree he is bred to train on. He wants to show the right attitude towards racing.

DUTTON has not so far done as well as some of the others of his age and gave me the impression he may not feel happy until he gets some sun on his back.

TALGO ran second on one occasion in moderate company, but I fancy he was never in possession of his full strength as a two-year-old. He has made up into a fine big colt, and would only have to be as good as he looks.

ELLWOOD is no beauty, but hops along a bit. He may not soar above plating class, but is quite useful in that company. SENIOLE has not grown quite as much as I had hoped, but after a disappointing first season he should be favourably handicapped.

There is a lot to like about GARDEN STATE. She has derived to such an extent that she is now an elegant filly, rather tall but with ample scope. If she has improved as much in ability as she has done in looks she should prove a money-spinner.

WILLA is small, but will be an asset at the stud one day. It was with that end in view that she was bought by Mrs. J. Dewar at the sale of her late husband's horses.

There is some promising material among the two-year-olds. MILAN is a strongly built Milgoli colt with sufficient size to suggest he will make a three-year-old.

There is plenty of scope about the Palsine colt, GAZA TIME, and I liked another by the same sire in SOLITO, who is now beginning to grow and fill out. Solito looks all over a rephorse and I shall be surprised if he does not prove to have good speed.

There is not a better looking two-year-old in the yard than

PARDEE, a brown Purdil colt who failed to make his reserve as a yearling. The owner may not regret that. A good topped colt, he levels out well and is most attractive.

Surissa's half brother, CAR-NATIC, is a fine big chestnut standing about 16 hands already. Like most of the sire's stock, he will take time to mature and should certainly stay much better than his flying half-sister. Dentarius colt DAUNTLESS GREEN stands over a bit of ground, but he has been lame. There are some smart-looking fillies, and an early winner could be the small but sharp SATURNIA.

I particularly liked FALES-TIDE, if only she can get rid of the hock trouble. Apart from that she is in every respect a grand looking filly.

Harry Wragg has plenty on which to exploit his skill in the juvenile department and we shall hear quite a lot about them in the course of the season.

(London Express Service.) (COPYRIGHT)

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. America. Tony Trabert, Vic Seixas and Ham Richardson—who didn't play.
2. Golf, cricket, weight-lifting and rugby union.
3. Fred Perry, thrice Wimbledon champion.
4. Ferenc Puskas and Kiltone Lave.
5. Max Schmeling.
6. Rocky Marciano.
7. Wolverhampton Wanderers, Arsenal and Sheffield Wednesday.
8. Danish, South African, Australian and English.
9. Louise Brough.
10. Feather, Light and Welter.

Remarkable Goalkeeping

Don Careless, goalkeeper of Fletchings FC, a Portsmouth Sunday Federation side, saved two penalties in the match against Old Johnians. Nothing remarkable about that, for this 'keeper's club has had sixteen penalties awarded against them this season—and he has saved every one! Careless rapture. In the same League, Bill Jenkins, of Havant, has scored in every match played this season—cup and league.

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DON'T WASTE WATER

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

JANUARY THE FIRST
I'M GOING TO WRITE UP MY DIARY AT THE END OF EVERY DAY

FEBRUARY THE FIRST
WHAT DID I DO LAST TUESDAY, GEORGE?

LAST WEEK
I WAS AT THE NEW CLOTHING SHOP IN THE HIGH STREET OFFERING A SPECIAL REDUCTION FOR 12 TREATMENTS

TO-DAY SOME SCRAP PAPER DEAR? YES, TEAR A PAGE OUT OF MY DIARY

THE COLD WEATHER'S KEPT MY HANDS WITH MY

IT MADE ME LOOK QUITE LINED

REALLY, GEORGE, I'M NOT THAT UGLY

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★ CRISP
★ CRUNCHY

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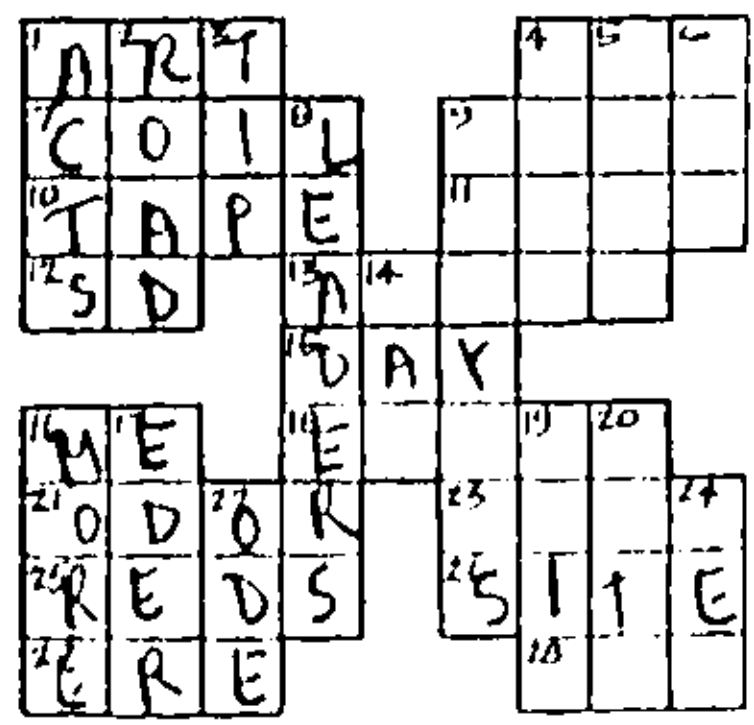


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



- ACROSS
1. Clap
 4. Wordless record
 7. Wind spirally
 9. Large plant
 10. Table - measuring instrument
 11. Well-known
 12. South Dakota (abbr.)
 13. Flower
 15. Period
 16. Phenomenon
 18. Drops
 21. Small
 23. To beat
 25. Contrasts
 26. Location
 27. Before
 28. The third side
- DOWN
1. Down
 2. Highway
 3. Fruit
 4. Should be minor
 5. Eerie
 6. Number
 8. Conductors
 9. It is
 14. Turf
 15. Greater quantity
 17. German river
 19. Poet
 20. Poker stake
 22. Poem
 24. Driving command

MIX-UPS

Rearrange the strange mixtures following to form two facts about Spring.

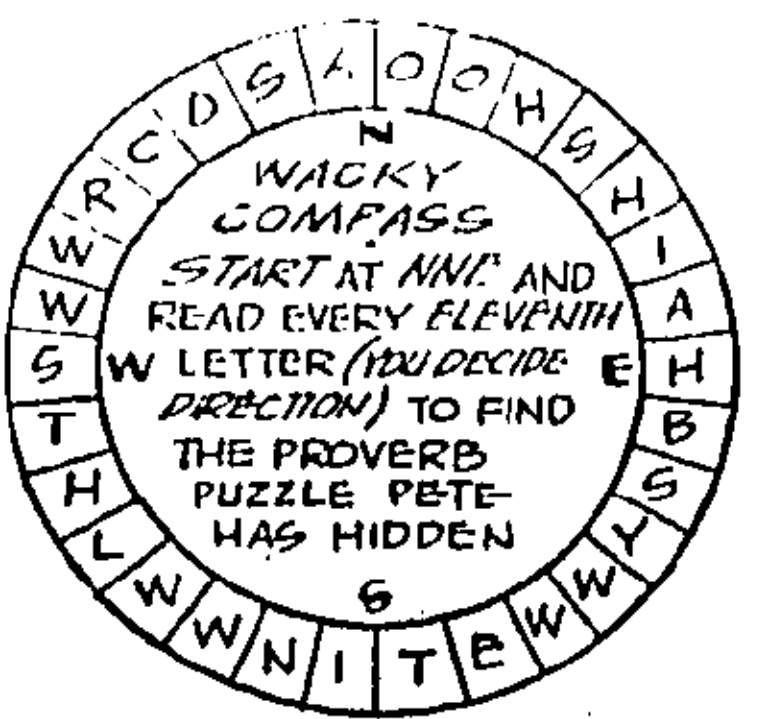
LOUIS MOSS

SON IN WET DIRE

SCRAMBLEGRAM

Scramble "a fruit" and have "to harvest", again and have "one who mimics".

WACKY COMPASS



TRIANGLE

HERBERT gave the Puzzle-man a base for this triangle. The second word is an abbreviation for "down East"; third, "an Indian weight"; fourth, "to pierce with a knife"; fifth, "the theatre"; and sixth, "more expensive". Finish the triangle.

HERBERT

ANAGRAMS

The letters in the first part of these anagrams will give you a word defined by the second part. **SAVE LIFTS** - Gala events. **TEE SUD BATT** - Blissful states. **TRY FAR TIME** - Brother-hood.

(Solutions on Page 20)

IT COULD BE YOU!

HERE you are, you schoolboy collectors, have a look at this. The boy on the stamp could be any one of you. He is turning over the pages of a well-filled album and the reason for his being featured on this new issue is simply that his government is extremely stamp-conscious.

Yes, more and more countries are awakening to the fact that stamps are good publicity. And when the post office authorities are stumped for a new theme, well—what could be easier than to put out a stamp in honour of stamps and stamp collecting.

The portrait is extremely good. But I think the overall appearance of this novel issue would have been improved by brighter colours and heavier printing. And I'm sure the Swiss with their mastery of detail could even have made the stamps in the album legible.

As it is the stamp is recess-printed, perforated 13½ by 14 and costs 8d. in London.

J. A. A.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE WIND?

A STRANGE question—have you ever seen the wind? Boy Scouts and other outdoor groups have "seen" the wind.

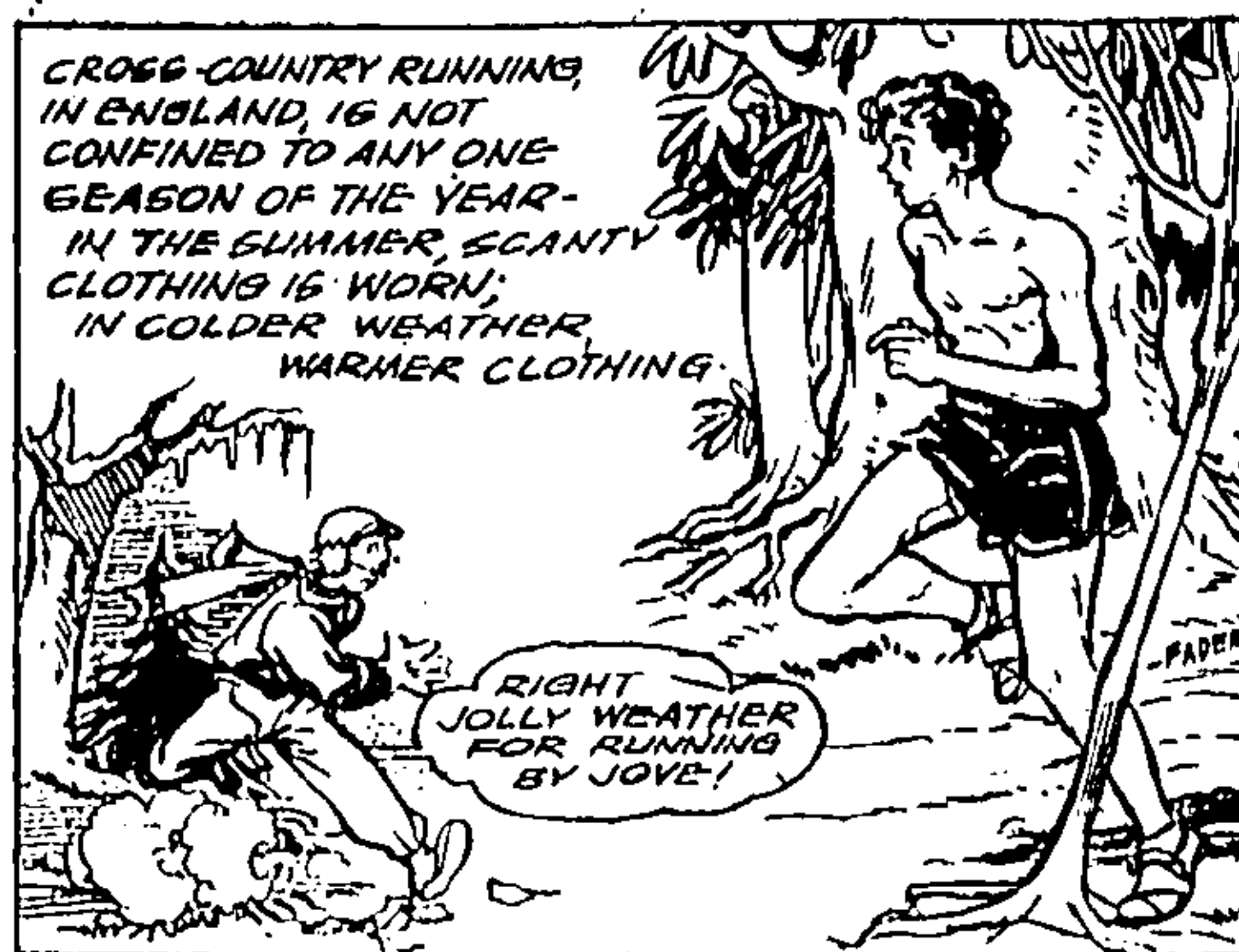
CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING IS YEAR-ROUND CONDITIONER

If ever you visit Scotland and England you will see boys cross-country running at all times of the year; it is one of their main sports. And if wisely practised this kind of running will develop in a boy a robust constitution.

The somewhat common idea that a runner must "train down" or lose weight in cross-country running is false. On the other hand, a boy who is underweight should become heavier, if he will follow a moderate training programme and be reasonably careful of his diet. Briefly, a runner's diet is any wholesome food, with few sweets and no rich desserts.

Cross-country running is a sport that can be practised at almost any time of the year. If proper clothing is worn for protection from cold, the running may be continued until real winter sets in. In England, winter is the season when schools have their yearly events in this line of sports.

In summer the boys wear swimming suits; but light-weight underwear should be worn when the air is frosty. In England the boys wear caps and gloves; also a sheet of paper is put across the chest to keep out wind. The more rugged boys, even though they do not feel the cold so much, will be less apt to have sore muscles if they wear extra clothing. There is no danger of catching cold if one goes immediately into a warm place after finishing a race.



The best place to practise running is across fields and dirt roads; if only hard roads are available, light-weight rubber-soled shoes must be worn. An old pair of running shoes can be made into fine cross-country shoes by removing the spikes and having rubber soles and heels attached.

Few boys should attempt to run a distance on the ball of the foot.

The distance generally used in junior cross-country running is three miles. It is best to start training by easy jogging for a short distance—not more than one mile the first day or two. The distance may well be divided into two or three sections, of alternate running and walking. Each day the length of the runs may be increased, so that by the last of the second week of training, provided no sore muscles develop, the boys should be able to run the whole three miles at an easy pace without becoming exhausted.

From that time on until the time for a race the method of practising should be changed

somewhat in order to accustom the runners to a faster rate of running, which will be needed in the final races. Three days of each week might be used for short runs at a fast pace, and the other three days for easy, slow runs of three miles. The first fast running should not be more than half a mile or, at the most, one mile.

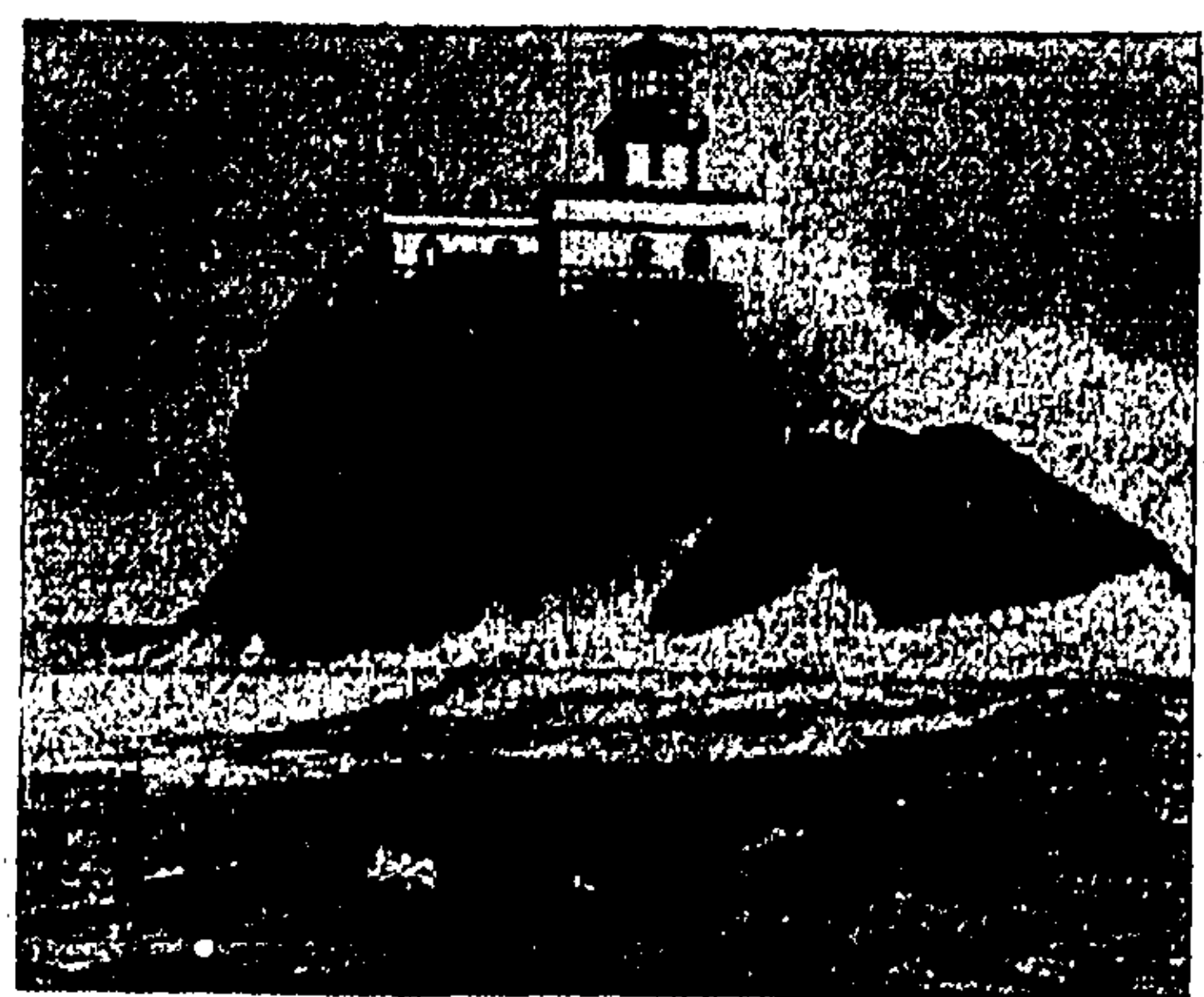
Someone should hold a watch to help the runners learn the pace that they will use in the races. One mile in five minutes is very fast time; not many can do this. Some boys will do well to run it in seven minutes after several weeks of preparation.

The running for the day after the first fast workout should be very light, because a short fast pace is much more tiring than a long leisurely jog. For example, if Monday is used for fast work, Wednesday may again be used for the same kind of work, with Thursday and Friday for jogging and Saturday for the fastest work of the week.

A training schedule is a must for the entire season, of course, with variations to suit the strength and condition of each runner. It is necessary for every boy to use his own judgment about his condition. It is unwise to follow a fixed schedule, for it will sometimes call for string work when one is not up to par. Many beginners are inclined to show their metal by running in spite of blisters on the feet or painful shins. That is not courageous nor wise, because such trivial injuries may become severe.

—JULIA W. WOLFE

Braving Dangers Of The Sea



The light has flashed from dangerous Tillamook Rock since 1881.

TILLAMOOK Rock Lighthouse, one of the most exposed lighthouses on the Pacific coast, is thought by many lighthouse keepers to be the most dangerous assignment a lighthouse keeper could get.

The reasons for this idea are many. In the first place a tender knows when he gets Tillamook as an assignment that he is running chances of being marooned there for weeks and weeks.

Another reason is that Tillamook is known for having taken many violent batterings from storms. The light itself is 138 feet above the sea which in most cases would be considered a safe height, but even at this height Tillamook is not free of danger. There have been times when the storm

Home-made Bird Kites

By J. R. HEGEL

KITE-BIRDS are flying this month. Necessary materials are brown wrapping paper, thread, twine, glue, a knife for whittling down any wood too thick for balance, sticks made preferably of white pine, a pair of scissors, poster colour paints and waxed paper.

Follow the drawing while reading the instructions.

Three-stick kite-bird: The main stick is 36 inches long and should be one-quarter inch thick. This 36-inch stick is "A" and should be placed vertically upon the work table. Eight inches from the top, lay a 30-inch stick of the same width in thickness. This is "B." Centre "B" correctly on "A," measuring the distance accurately. When you have the exact centre, glue sparingly, then bind with thread to hold in place. Six inches from the bottom of "A," place horizontally a 12-inch stick, that is "C." "C" should be the same thickness as "A" and "B." For the round head and the top of the wings, use picture-wire, bending it into two curved peaks for the wings. The picture-wire is "D." Wind "D" securely on both "A" and "B" watching your winding for proper balance weight.

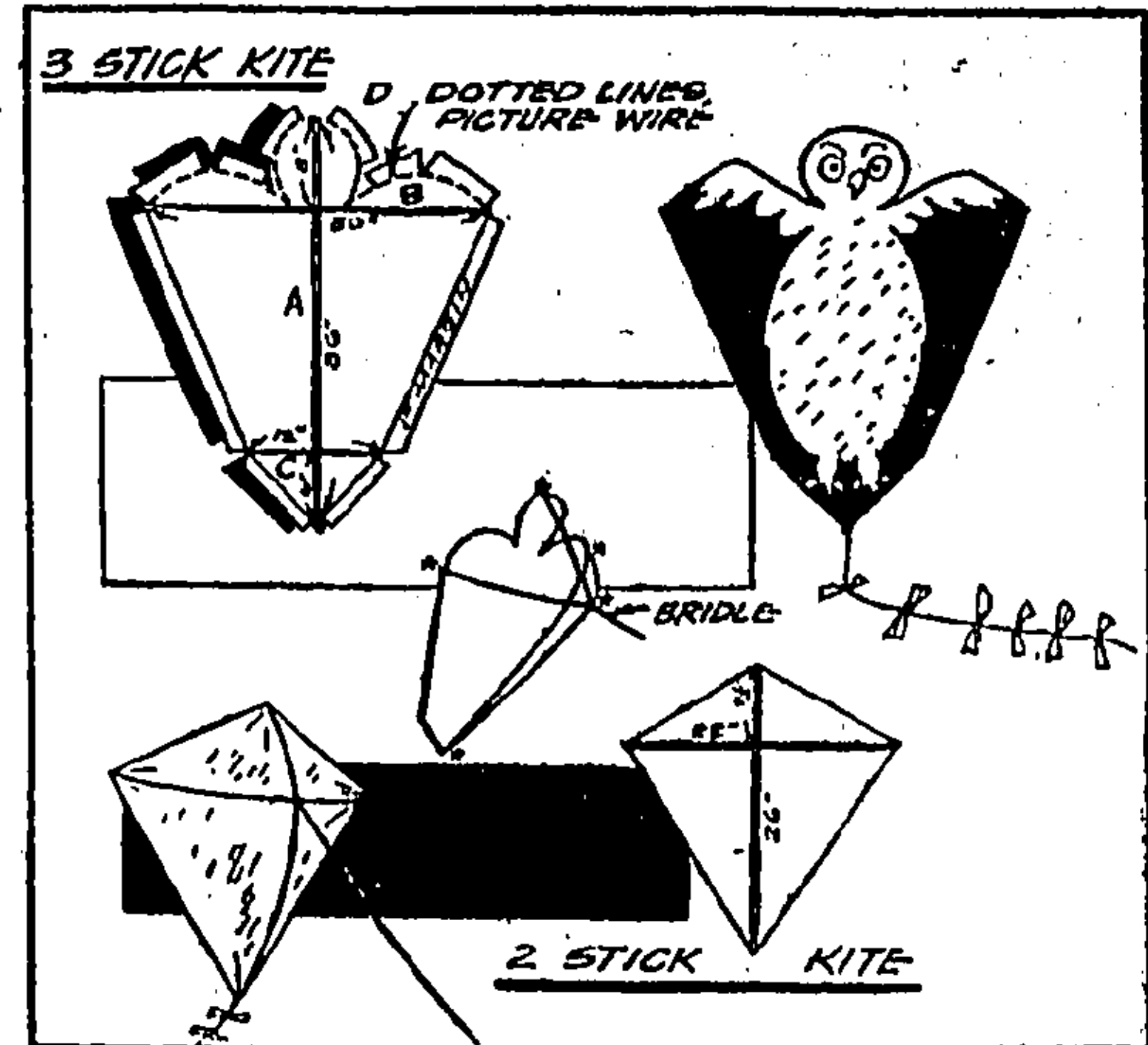
Lay the completed frame upon your wrapping paper and trace your bird pattern, leaving a good one-inch margin from the picture to fold over on the frame later.

DOING THE FACE

THIS particular kite-bird is a hawk, having dark red eyes and a black hooked bill. The head, neck and lower parts are grey, the wings deep black, the legs scarlet. Use gaudier colours if they suit you better. The eyes will look more realistic if they are cut out and waxed paper circles pasted over the back. This waxed paper should be red. Now affix waxed paper pupils coloured black in the front. Let the paint dry thoroughly and then press the one-inch margin over your frame and glue thin and evenly. If you are using liquid glue be sure to use it diluted with warm water for the paper. This is to guard against any excess weight.

You will need two strings for the kite, one string on "A" the other string on "B." Bring both strings together at the top centre point of the kite. Take a loop in the string so the distance from the kite to the knot will be about 13 inches. The tail may be made of scraps of paper, doubled in narrow folds and tied to a strong string every 12 inches. Attach the tail-string with glue and string. The length of the tail will depend upon the air resistance so it is impossible to say whether it should be 10 feet or 12. Extra tail should always be held in reserve in case it is needed on the field.

Two-stick kite: Those who do not want to bother with the extra effort in shaping the picture-wire can make a simple two-stick kite. You can use the same one-quarter-inch width in the two-stick kite and you can make it smaller than the three-stick, making your long stick 28 inches and the cross stick, 22 inches. Notch the ends of the cross stick and long stick. Place your cross stick 7¼ inches from the top, centring accurately. Glue and thread into position. Tie the sticks and draw the string taut. Slip the string into the notches starting at the top. If your picture bird is ready and painted, place it on the frame and paste. The bird has two strings, one attached to the long stick and one to the cross stick. Attach your string 12 inches



can, if you wish, add tail feathers of crepe paper, also a crest of the same material.

HAVE A KITE PARTY

BIRD-KITES can go fancy or simple. There are experts who make kites with double wings and a body cleverly hinged to the wings. One boy sent up a bird-kite and when it was aloft, a camera-type fuse exploded and released a shower of small paper eggs. Quite a stunt!

Kite flying is always more fun if a large group participates in the event. Plan the contests beforehand. A few prizes will add to the excitement. These need not involve much money.

The Ten Unlucky Cats

—Purr Purr Would Rather Be A Kitten Than A Catall—

By MAX TRELL

HANID, the shadow girl, came out through the kitchen door and stood on the back steps, holding a saucer of milk. She looked around.

"Purr Purr!" she called. "Where are you? Come for your dinner!"

Then all at once, Hanid saw the kitten. She was crouching along the garden path. Just a few feet ahead stood a robin with his back toward Purr Purr. He didn't even know she was there.

A Frightened Chirp

All at once, Purr Purr sprang forward. The robin flew off with a sharp, frightened chirp. He flew away just in time.

Hanid set down the saucer of milk, ran down the steps and took hold of the kitten. She sat down on the grass with the kitten in her lap.

"Purr Purr," she said, "haven't I told you again and again how wrong it is of you to chase after birds? Do you know what will happen to you if you keep chasing them?"

Purr Purr didn't know. She just looked at Hanid with her great round green eyes.

Unlucky Cats

Hanid said: "I'll tell you. You're going to end up the same way that the Ten Unlucky Cats did!"

While Purr Purr lay quietly in Hanid's lap, Hanid told the story of the Ten Unlucky Cats. "Long ago, my darling Purr Purr, there was a cat who always tried to catch a certain robin. But the robin was cleverer than she was. He always flew away just in time. By and by the cat became so angry that she complained to all the other cats who lived nearby that she never could catch that silly bird."

"We'll help you catch him," the other cats said. "We'll all creep up on him from different sides. He'll never get away!"



Purr Purr sprang forward but the robin flew away.

"So the next day," Hanid continued, "all the cats gathered together at the edge of the garden. There were just ten of them."

"Look, there's the robin now!" said the first cat.

From Different Sides

"Then they all started to creep up on him from different sides just as they had planned." Hanid gave Purr Purr a little shake to make sure she was still listening. Then she went on with the story of the Ten Unlucky Cats.

"But the robin had a plan, too. Instead of waiting for the cats to get close to him, he kept darting up into the air, fluttering his wings and coming down just a few yards away. The cats kept following him in a sort of big circle, still hoping to trap him in the middle so they could all creep up on him at the same time from different sides."

"Oh," said Hanid, "he was a clever robin all right. He led those cats little by little down to a small deep pool by the marsh. He pretended he didn't even know the cats were near him. Closer and closer they came to him. Then suddenly the robin! Down went the cats, head first, straight into the marshy pool with their tails sticking straight up and their heads in the mud!"

"And that," said Hanid, "is how those Ten Unlucky Cats stayed forever and forever, their heads in the mud, their tails sticking up out of the water. And when people came down to the marsh, they said: 'Oh, look at those cat-tails growing in that marsh!'"

Hanid held up Purr Purr and looked straight in her big green eyes. "It could happen to you, Purr Purr. Do you want to stop being a kitten and become a catall, just like those Ten Unlucky Cats? Then you'd better give up chasing robins and have your saucer of milk instead!"

And that's exactly what Purr Purr went and did.

Rupert and the Black Circle-2



Rupert waits to hear what his pal, the bear, is going to suggest. "You're kind of suspicious, aren't you?" says "Well, at first I was, but then I thought you were just being a bit of a tease. You were just trying to scare me."

In The Mud

"And that," said Hanid, "is how those Ten Unlucky Cats stayed forever and forever, their heads in the mud, their tails sticking up out of the water. And when people came down to the marsh, they said: 'Oh, look at those cat-tails growing in that marsh!'"

Hanid held up Purr Purr and looked straight in her big green eyes. "It could happen to you, Purr Purr. Do you want to stop being a kitten and become a catall, just like those Ten Unlucky Cats? Then you'd better give up chasing robins and have your saucer of milk instead!"

And that's exactly what Purr Purr went and did.

ZOO'S WHO



TURN ABOUT

The great Mark Twain once went over to a neighbour's house and asked if he could borrow a certain book. The neighbour told him that he could, but that he made it a rule never to let any of his books out of the library and that he would have to read the book there.

A few days later, the same man came over to the famous writer's house and asked for one of his own books.

"Of course," answered Mark Twain, "but I must ask you to use it here, as I make it a rule never to let it out of the yard."

